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BETTER HOMES IN AMERICA INC. EDITION

CONCORD SERIES No. 2

Revised and Enlarged

THE
HOME
AND
COMMUNITY
SONG BOOK

BY

THOMAS W. SURETTE

AND

ARCHIBALD T. DAVISON

Sponsored by

BETTER HOMES IN AMERICA, INC.

&

NATIONAL RECREATION ASS'N

Complete Edition

Words, Melodies & Pianoforte Accompaniment

E. C. SCHIRMER MUSIC CO.

221 COLUMBUS AVENUE

BOSTON, MASS.

Surette, Thomas Whitney,
1861-1941.

The home and community
song book,
[c1931]

The CONCORD SERIES is an outcome of Mr. Surette's Summer School of Music established in Concord, Massachusetts, in 1915.

The publications in this series comprise books of music for use in private and public schools, in homes, and for large and small groups of people who come together to sing; collections of church anthems and of choral works for school, college and general use; also a set of piano instruction books.

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The Editors wish to express their appreciation of the valuable assistance of Lorraine d'Oremieux Warner in preparing this book.

NOTICE

When the songs in this collection (No. 2) are used for group-singing, the book containing the words and voice parts only (Concord Series No. 19) may be employed.

Orchestra parts for the songs in this book are now in preparation, and will be obtainable from the publisher.

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1653 PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Purpose: To put knowledge of high standards of house building, home furnishing and home life within the reach of all citizens.

To encourage general study of the housing problem and problems of family life.

To promote the improvement of homes and to extend knowledge of the ways and means of making home life more attractive and happier through the development of home play, home art, home reading and home music.

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PREFACE

Music offers a medium for the expression of human affections, ideals and aspirations that is incomparably superior to mere words and phrases. Its realm is that of the subtle and more intangible values of life. Through it joy and sorrow, reverence and love find their most perfect mode of expression. It is the universal language that conveys its meaning to all irrespective of their training.

Music is the one art in which all persons may participate and share in the creation of beauty. Virtually everyone is able to carry a tune and thus may participate by singing in unison if not trained to sing in parts. Through music, therefore, everyone has access to the highest forms of beauty that life can afford—not as a passive onlooker but as an active participant in the rendition and interpretation of the musical masterpieces of all centuries.

Two National organizations have sponsored the publication of this book, the one through its interest in the home, the other through its interest in the community.

The value of home singing is not confined merely to the pleasure that it gives, for home singing offers an unparalleled opportunity for participation by all members of the family, irrespective of age or sex, in common activity. It may thus be made one of the chief unifying factors in home life. The whole family may gather about the musical instrument and all may join in. It brings to the family a sense of union and home singing thus becomes a rallying center for the family.

The quality of home life, moreover, largely determines the personal habits which go to make up character. Home life may make for narrowness or selfishness and preoccupation with trivialities, or it may quite as easily be directed to the cultivation of breadth of sympathy, consideration for others and interest in the higher values of life. By the deliberate cultivation of interests which old and young may share it is possible to develop mutual affection and respect. The love of beauty and the love of music are practically universal. These can thus be made means to closer family bonds and to the higher development of character in children and parents alike.

Community singing has equivalent values, for it is a means of helping people temporarily to forget their differences and to respond to a fundamental common interest. In this process they learn to recognize each other's qualities. The unison created by community singing tends to carry over into the other activities of the group. It has even been claimed that the reason why Denmark has led the world in voluntary co-operative enterprises is because the meetings of the co-operatives were opened by the singing of the fine old patriotic and religious songs of that nation. Under skillful direction community singing may be made one of the most constructive as well as one of the greatest joy-producing factors in community life.

The compilers of this Song Book were confronted with a task hitherto unachieved in the history of American singing. They were called upon to produce a book that would meet the ever-increasing demand for more and better music in America: a large collection of songs, all above reproach musically; diversified enough to appeal to everyone; none too difficult for the average person to sing with ease; and all at a price within the means of every American family.

The problem was not one of finding enough songs, but of selecting the most worthy ones of the immense body of existing material. The choice must include songs already traditional in this country, as well as those now in the process of becoming so; there must be others equally fine but less widely known, both to encourage people to increase their musical vocabularies and to demonstrate that beautiful music can be had from sources far removed in time and space from our present environment; the voice parts must avoid extremes of pitch and be arranged in keys suited to all ranges; accompaniments must be supplied that would not demand too advanced development on the part of the pianist, yet they must be interesting and beautiful music in themselves. From the musical, literary, historical and educational viewpoints the work must be accurate and scholarly.

These points were all observed scrupulously in the preparation of the volume. The content as finally decided upon presents four sections: first, the leading patriotic songs of America as well as other traditional songs of American origin; second, a variety of folk-songs from many nations—this group is the

PREFACE

largest, since the folk-song is one of the purest and most natural forms of music; third, songs, both in unison and in parts, written by great composers of all times, together with a group of the most famous numbers from the Gilbert and Sullivan operas; fourth, chorals, hymns and carols. The sources of the music and the dates of authors and composers were carefully searched out and verified. Where more than one version of a tune or text exists, the best authorities were consulted to determine the authentic one. The preparation of the material for the press involved the reduction of large amounts of manuscript to a form within the limits of a moderately sized volume, retaining at the same time an artistic as well as practical form of presentation—a task requiring the expert services of a specialist.

Every number in this book has stood the most searching of all tests for real worth—that of having been sung with joy by countless numbers of people throughout a period of years long enough to prove that it satisfies needs not confined to one period of time, but experienced by all people throughout all time.

RAY LYMAN WILBUR

President

Better Homes in America, Inc.

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1. America

Samuel Francis Smith
(1808-1895)

Harmonia Anglicana
(circa 1743)

1. My coun-try, 'tis of thee,—Sweet land of lib-er-ty,—Of thee I sing: Land where my
2. My na-tive coun-try, thee,—Land of the no-ble free,—Thy name I love: I love thy

fa-thers died, Land of the pil-grims' pride, From ev-'ry—moun-tain side Let free-dom ring!
rocks and rills, Thy woods and tem-pled hills; My heart with rap-ture thrills Like that a-bove.

3. Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song!
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong!

4. Our fathers' God, to Thee,—
Author of liberty,—
To Thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

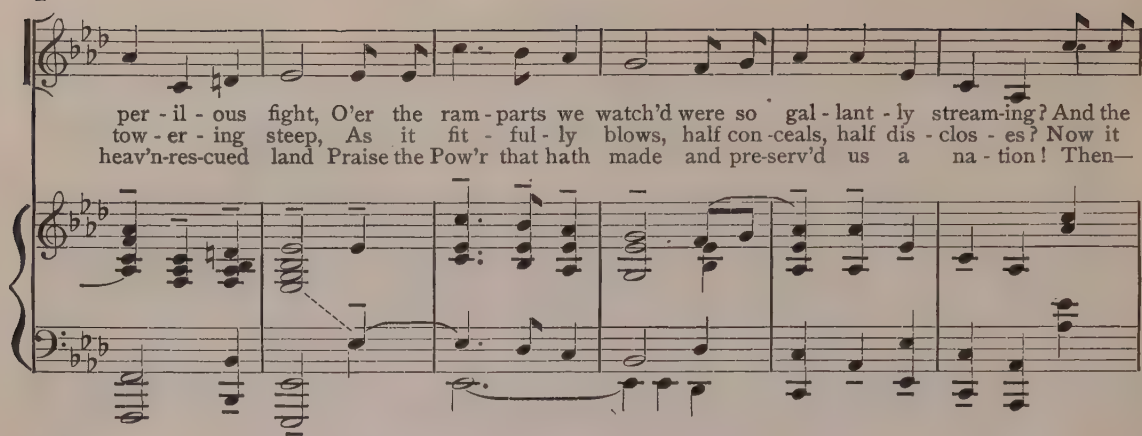
2. The Star-spangled Banner

Francis Scott Key
(1780-1843)

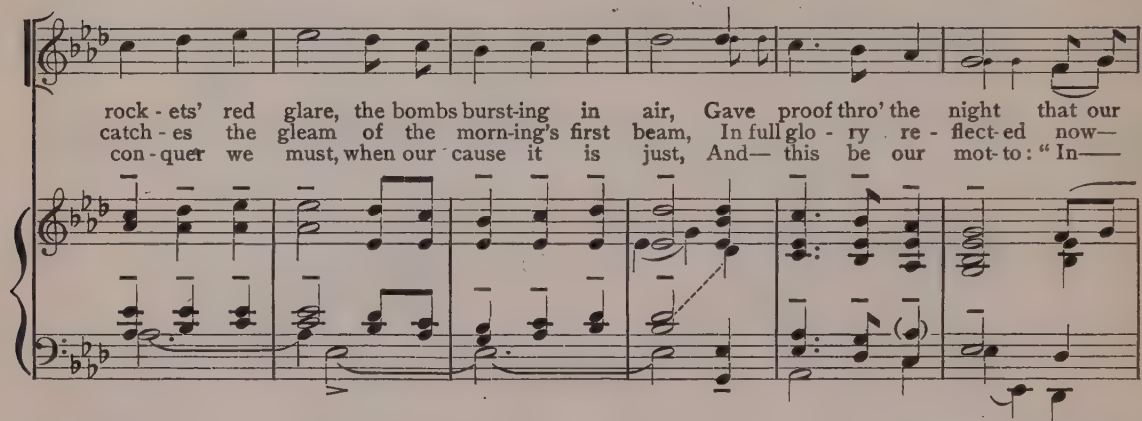
John Stafford Smith
(1750-1836)

1. Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's ear-ly light What so
2. On the shore, dim-ly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the
3. Oh, thus be it ev-er when—free-men shall stand Be-

proud-ly we hail'd at the twi-light's last gleam-ing, Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the
foe's haught-y host in dread si-lence re-pos-es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the
tween their lov'd homes and the war's des-o-la-tion! Blest with vic-t'ry and peace, may the



per - il - ous fight, O'er the ram - parts we watch'd were so gal - lant - ly stream - ing? And the
tow - er - ing steep, As it fit - ful - ly blows, half con - ceals, half dis - clos - es? Now it
heav'n-res-cued land Praise the Pow'r that hath made and pre-serv'd us a na - tion! Then—



rock - ets' red glare, the bombs burst - ing in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our
catch - es the gleam of the morn - ing's first beam, In full glo - ry re - flect - ed now -
con - quer we must, when our cause it is just, And - this be our mot - to: "In—



flag was still there. Oh, say, does that Star - span - gled Ban - ner - yet -
shines on the stream. 'Tis the Star - span - gled Ban - ner, oh, long may it -
God is our Trust.' And the Star - span - gled Ban - ner in tri - umph shall

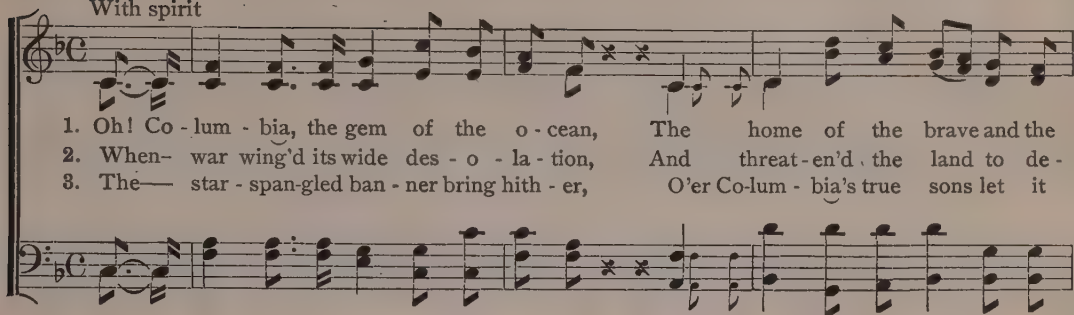


wave - O'er the land - of the free and the home of the brave?
wave - O'er the land - of the free and the home of the brave!
wave - O'er the land - of the free and the home of the brave!

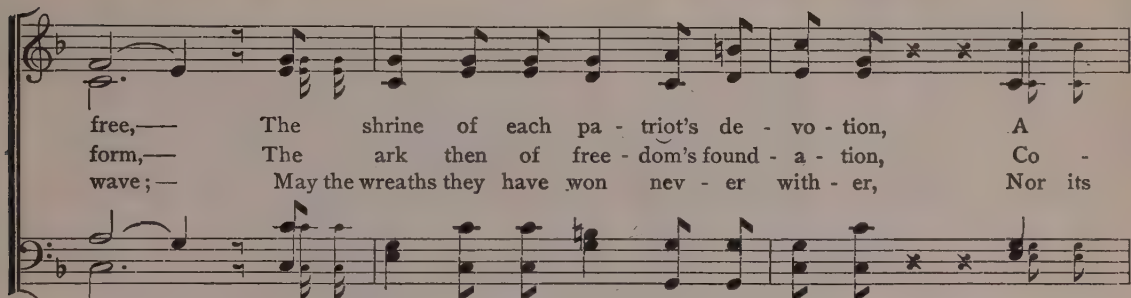
3. Columbia, the gem of the ocean

Words and Music by
David T. Shaw

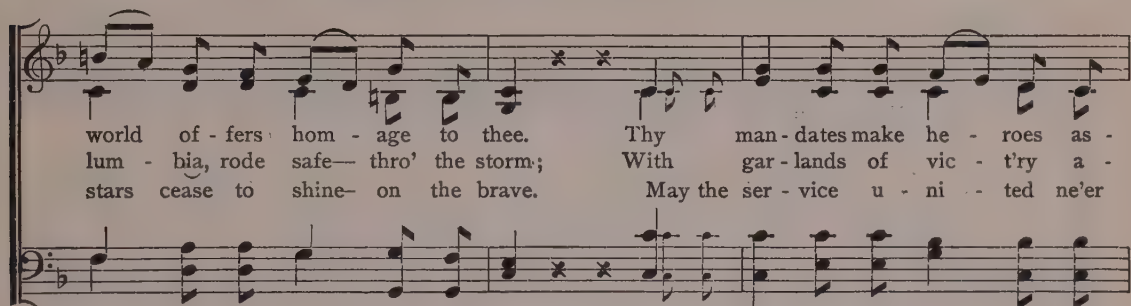
With spirit



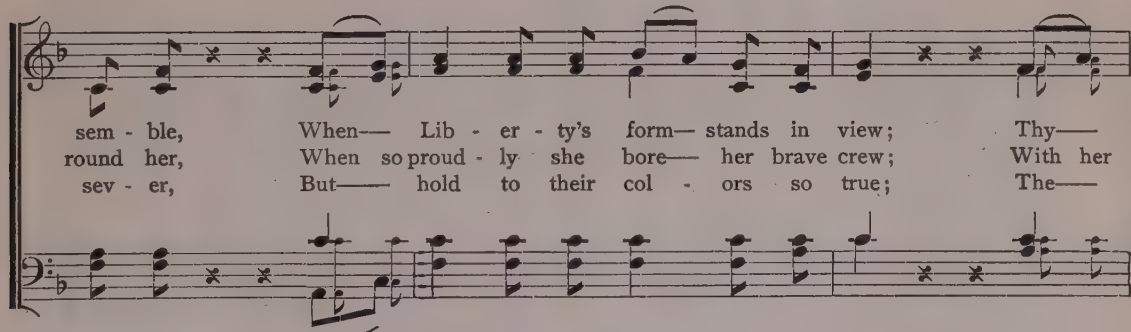
1. Oh! Co - lum - bia, the gem of the o - cean, The home of the brave and the
2. When- war wing'd its wide des - o - la - tion, And threat-en'd the land to de -
3. The — star - span-gled ban - ner bring hith - er, O'er Co-lum - bia's true sons let it



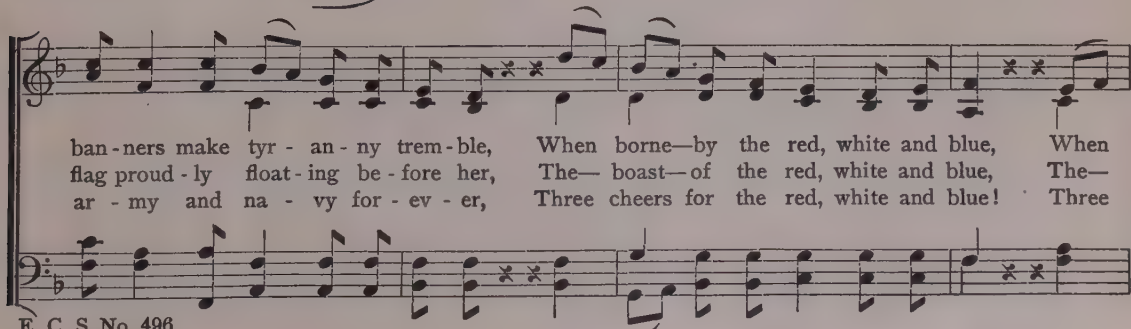
free, — The shrine of each pa - triot's de - vo - tion, A
form, — The ark then of free - dom's found - a - tion, Co -
wave; — May the wreaths they have won nev - er with - er, Nor its



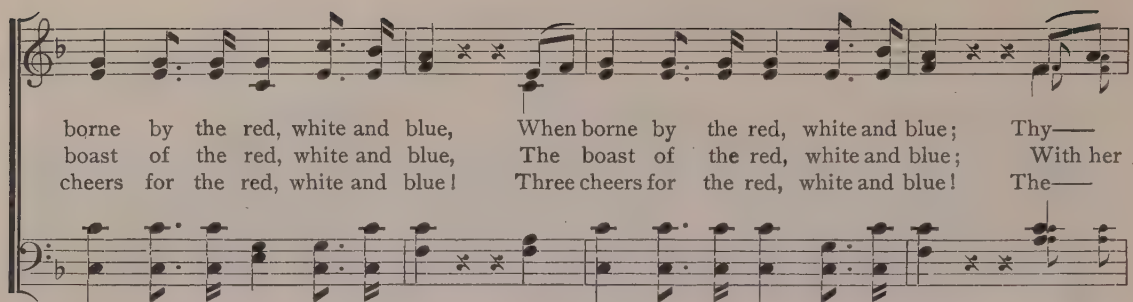
world of - fers hom - age to thee. Thy man - dates make he - roes as -
lum - bia, rode safe- thro' the storm; With gar - lands of vic - t'ry a -
stars cease to shine- on the brave. May the ser - vice u - ni - ted ne'er



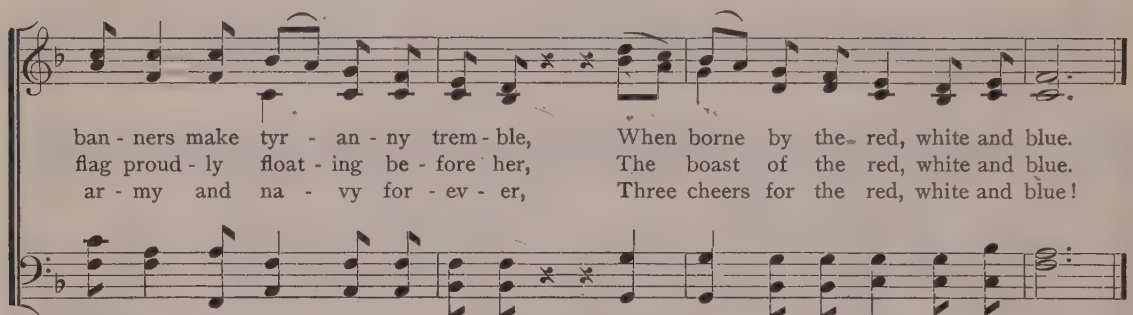
sem - ble, When — Lib - er - ty's form — stands in view; Thy —
round her, When so proud - ly she bore — her brave crew; With her
sev - er, But — hold to their col - ors so true; The —



ban - ners make tyr - an - ny trem - ble, When borne — by the red, white and blue, When
flag proud - ly float - ing be - fore her, The — boast — of the red, white and blue, The —
ar - my and na - vy for - ev - er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue! Three



borne by the red, white and blue, When borne by the red, white and blue; Thy—
boast of the red, white and blue, The boast of the red, white and blue; With her
cheers for the red, white and blue! Three cheers for the red, white and blue! The—

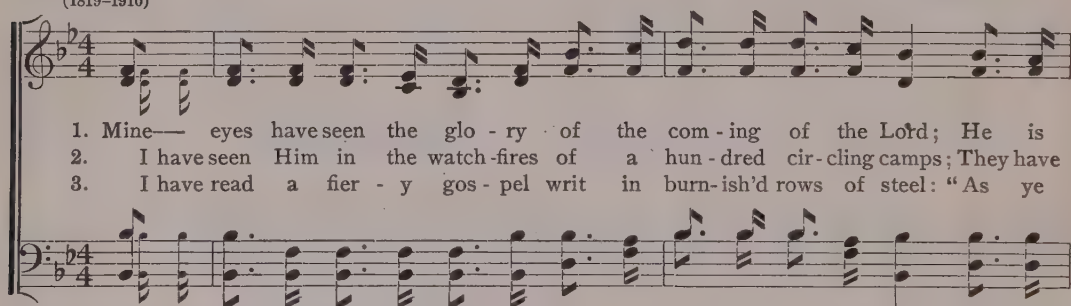


ban - ners make tyr - an - ny trem - ble, When borne by the red, white and blue.
flag proud - ly float - ing be - fore her, The boast of the red, white and blue.
ar - my and na - vy for - ev - er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue!

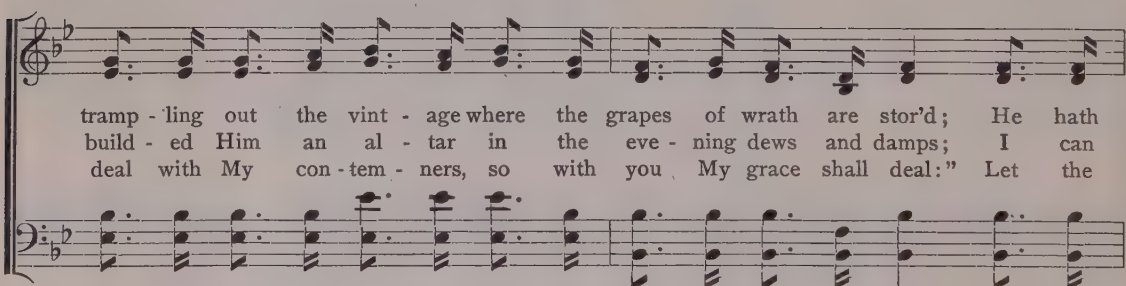
4. The Battle Hymn of the Republic

Julia Ward Howe
(1819-1910)

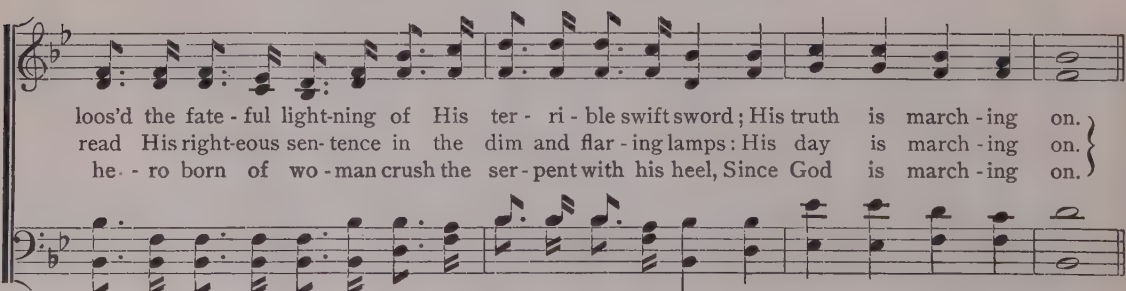
Anonymous



1. Mine— eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is
2. I have seen Him in the watch - fires of a hun - dred cir - cling camps; They have
3. I have read a fier - y gos - pel writ in burn - ish'd rows of steel: "As ye



tramp - ling out the vint - age where the grapes of wrath are stor'd; He hath
build - ed Him an al - tar in the eve - ning dews and damps; I can
deal with My con - tem - ners, so with you My grace shall deal;" Let the



loos'd the fate - ful light - ning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword; His truth is march - ing on.
read His right - eous sen - tence in the dim and flar - ing lamps: His day is march - ing on.
he - ro born of wo - man crush the ser - pent with his heel, Since God is march - ing on.

CHORUS

Glo - ry, glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah!

Glo - ry, glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! { His truth is march - ing on.
His day is march - ing on.
Since God is march - ing on.

4. He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat:
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.
5. In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

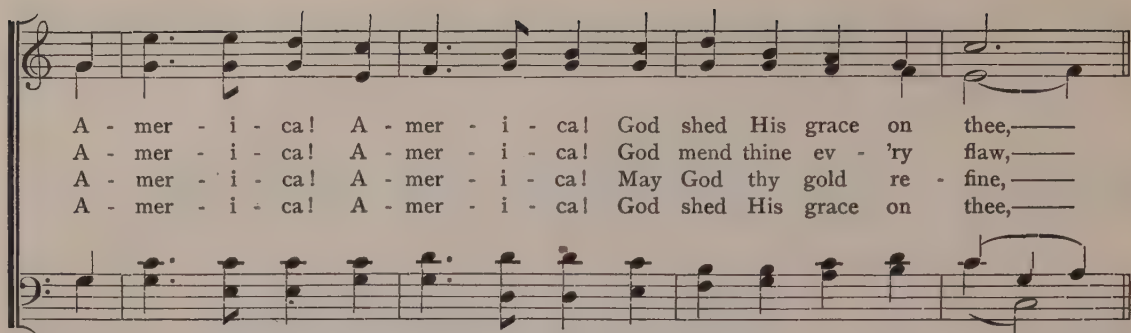
5. America, the Beautiful

Katherine Lee Bates
(1859-1929)

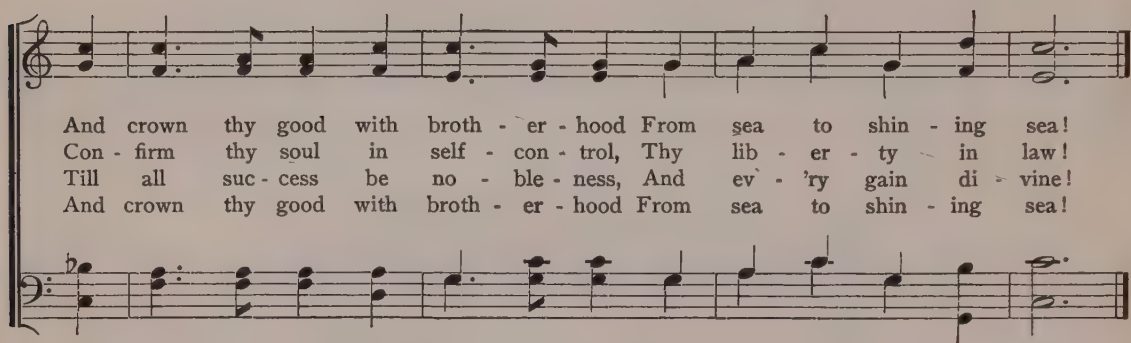
Samuel A. Ward
(1847-1903)

1. O beau - ti - ful for spa - cious skies, For am - ber waves of grain, —
2. O beau - ti - ful for pil - grim feet, Whose stern, im - pas - sion'd stress —
3. O beau - ti - ful for he - roes prov'd In lib - er - a - ting strife, —
4. O beau - ti - ful for pa - triot dream That sees be - yond the years —

For pur - ple moun - tain ma - jes - ties A - bove the fruit - ed plain! —
A thor - ough - fare for free - dom beat A - cross the wil - der - ness! —
Who more than self their coun - try lov'd, And mer - cy more than life! —
Thine al - a - bas - ter cit - ies gleam Un - dimm'd by hu - man tears! —



A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee, —
 A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God mend thine ev - 'ry flaw, —
 A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! May God thy gold re - fine, —
 A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee, —

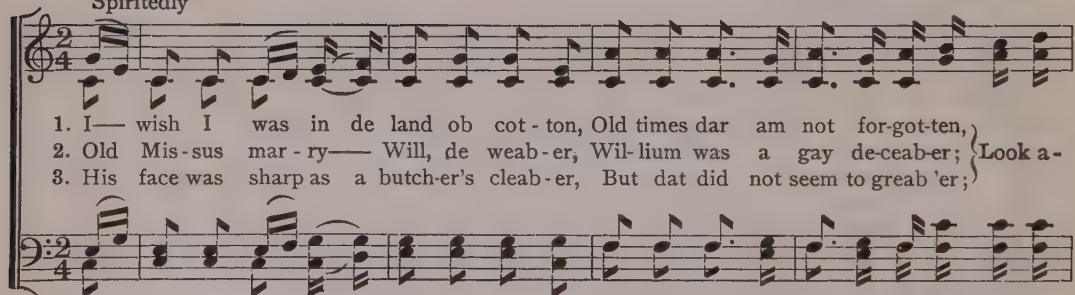


And crown thy good with broth - er - hood From sea to shin - ing sea!
 Con - firm thy soul in self - con - trol, Thy lib - er - ty in law!
 Till all suc - cess be no - ble - ness, And ev - 'ry gain di - vine!
 And crown thy good with broth - er - hood From sea to shin - ing sea!

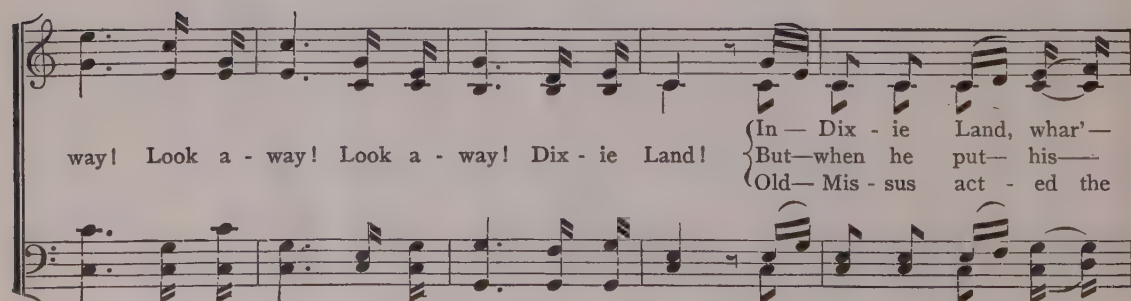
6. Dixie Land

Old Tune
 Arranged by Dan Emmett

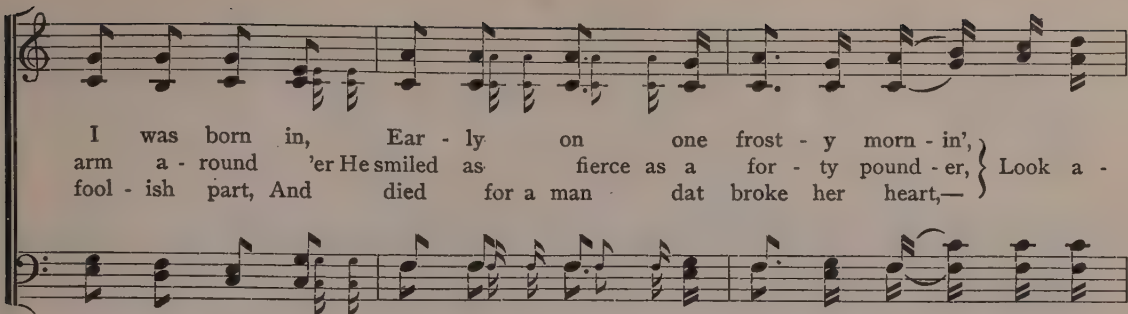
Spiritedly



1. I — wish I was in de land ob cot - ton, Old times dar am not for - got - ten,
 2. Old Mis - sus mar - ry — Will, de weab - er, Wil - lium was a gay de - ceab - er; } Look a -
 3. His face was sharp as a butch - er's cleab - er, But dat did not seem to greab 'er;

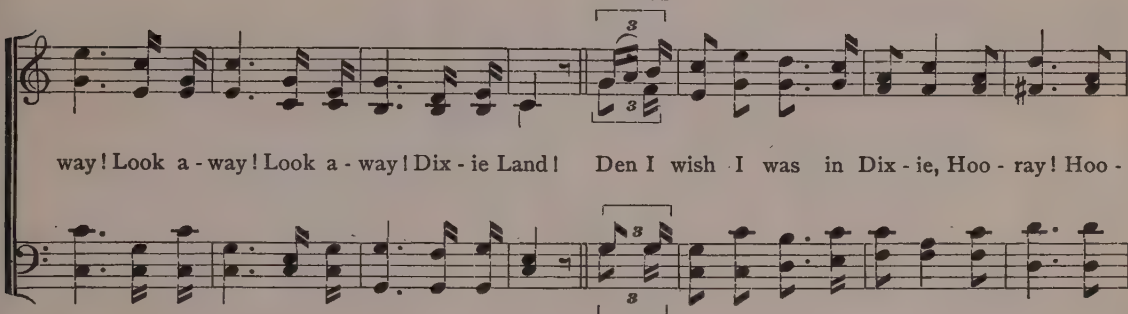


way! Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix - ie Land!
 (In — Dix - ie Land, whar' —
 But — when he put his —
 Old — Mis - sus act - ed the

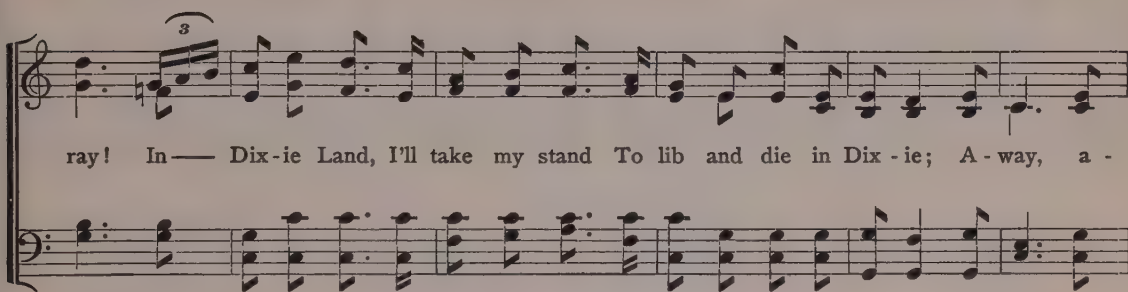


I was born in, Ear - ly on one frost - y morn - in',
 arm a - round 'er He smiled as fierce as a for - ty pound - er, } Look a -
 fool - ish part, And died for a man dat broke her heart,—

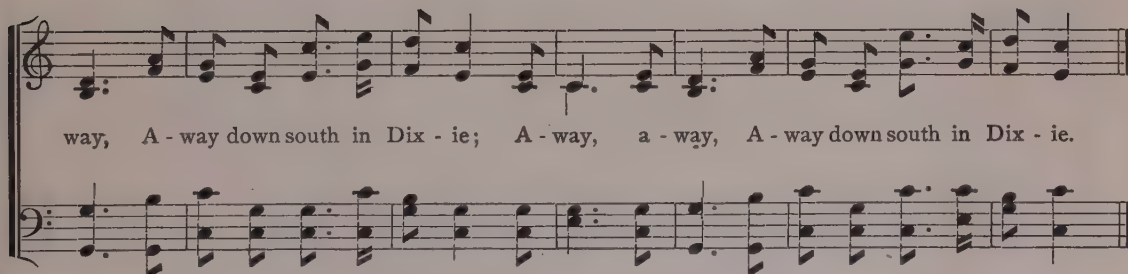
CHORUS



way! Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix - ie Land! Den I wish I was in Dix - ie, Hoo - ray! Hoo -



ray! In — Dix - ie Land, I'll take my stand To lib and die in Dix - ie; A - way, a -



way, A - way down south in Dix - ie; A - way, a - way, A - way down south in Dix - ie.

4. Now here's a health to the next old Missus,
 And all de gals dat want to kiss us;
 Look away! Look away! Look away!
 Dixie Land!
 But if you want to drive 'way sorrow,
 Come and hear dis song tomoŕrow,
 Look away! Look away! Look away!
 Dixie Land!

5. Dar's buckwheat cakes and Injun batter,
 Makes you fat or a little fatter;
 Look away! Look away! Look away!
 Dixie Land!
 Den hoe it down an' scratch your grabble,
 To Dixie's land I'm bound to trabble,
 Look away! Look away! Look away!
 Dixie Land!

7. Yankee Doodle

AMERICAN

1. O Yan - kee Doo - dle went to town A - ri - ding on a po - ny, He
 2. — March - ing in and march - ing out And march - ing round the town, O! —
 3. — Yan - kee Doo - dle is a tune That comes in might - y hand - y; The

stuck a feath - er in his cap And call'd it mac - a - ro - ni.
 Here there comes a reg - i - ment With Cap - tain Thom - as Brown, O! } Yan - kee Doo - dle, ha ha ha!
 en - e - my all runs a - way At Yan - kee Doo - dle Dan - dy.

Yan - kee Doo - dle Dan - dy, Mind the mu - sic and the dance, and with the girls be hand - y.

8. Old Folks at Home

Words and Music by
 Stephen Foster
 (1826-1864)
 (Arranged)

Moderato
mp

1. { Way down up - on the Swa - nee ri - ver, Far, — far a - way, — There's where my heart is
 All up and down the whole cre - a - tion, Sad - ly I roam, — Still long - ing for the

mp

turn - ing ev - er, There's where the old folks stay. } All the world is sad and drear - y,
 old plan - ta - tion, And for the old folks at home. }

Ev - 'ry-where I roam, Oh! dark-ies, how my heart grows wea-ry, Far from the old folks at home.

2. All 'round the little farm I wander'd
 When I was young,
 Then many happy days I squander'd,
 Many the songs I sung.
 When I was playing with my brother,
 Happy was I;
 Oh! take me to my kind old mother,
 There let me live and die.

3. One little hut among the bushes,
 One that I love,
 Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes,
 No matter where I rove.
 When shall I see the bees a-humming
 All 'round the comb?
 When shall I hear the banjo tumming,
 Down in my good old home?

9. My Old Kentucky Home

Words and Music by
 Stephen Foster
 (1826-1864)

Moderato
mf SOLO

VOICE

1. The sun shines bright in the old Ken - tuck - y home, 'Tis
 2. They hunt no more for the pos - sum and the coon, On the

PIANO

mf

sum - mer, the dark - ies are gay; The corn - top's ripe and the
 mea - dow, the hill, and the shore; They sing no more by the

meadow's in the bloom, While the birds make music all the day. The
glimmer of the moon, On the bench by the old—cabin door. The

young folks roll on the little cabin floor, All merry, and happy, and bright; By'm
day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart, With sorrow where all was delight; The

bye, hard times come a-knock-ing at the door, Then my old Ken-tuck-y home, good-night! }
time must come when the dark-ies have to part, Then my old Ken-tuck-y home, good-night! }

CHORUS
mp

Weep no more, my la-dy, Oh, weep no more to-day; We will

mp

sing one song for the old Ken-tuck-y home, For the old Ken-tuck-y home far a - way.

10. Old Black Joe

Words and Music by
Stephen Foster
(1826-1864)

Moderato
mp

1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay, Gone are my friends from the
2. Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain? Why do I sigh that my
3. Where are the hearts once so hap - py and so free? The chil - dren so dear that I

cot - ton fields a - way, Gone from the earth to a bet - ter land I know, }
friends come not a - gain, Griev - ing for forms now de - part - ed long a - go? } I
held up - on my knee? Gone to the shore where my soul has long'd to go, }

hear those gen - tle voi - ces call - ing, "Old Black Joe!" I'm com - ing, I'm com - ing, For my

head is bend - ing low; I hear those gen - tle voi - ces call - ing, "Old Black Joe!"

11. Home, Sweet Home

John Howard Payne
(1792-1852)Henry Rowley Bishop
(1786-1855)

mp

1. 'Mid— pleas - ures and pal - a - ces— though we may roam, Be it
2. An— ex - ile from home, - splen - dor daz - zles in vain; Oh, —

ev - er so hum - ble, there's no— place like home. A charm from the skies seems to
give— me my low - ly thatch'd cot - tage a - gain. The birds, sing - ing gai - ly, that

hal - low us there, Which, seek—through the world, is not met— with else - where. }
come at my call, Give me them— with the peace of mind, dear - er than all. }

Home, home, - sweet, sweet home! There's no— place like home, - There's no— place like home.

12. Auld Lang Syne

Robert Burns
(1759-1796)

SCOTCH

mf

1. Should auld ac - quaint - ance be for - got, And nev - er brought to mind? Should
2. We twa ha'e ran a - boot the braes, And pu'd the gow - ans fine, We've
3. We twa ha'e sport - ed i' the burn Frae morn - in' sun till dine, But
4. And here's a hand, my trust - y frien', And gie's a hand o' thine; We'll

mf

poco rit. *f a tempo*

auld ac-quaint-ance be for-got, And days of auld lang syne?
 wand-er'd mony a wea-ry foot Sin' auld—lang—syne.
 seas be-tween us braid ha'e roar'd Sin' auld—lang—syne.
 tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet, For auld—lang—syne. } For auld lang—syne, my dear, For

poco rit. *f a tempo*

auld—lang—syne, We'll tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet, For auld—lang—syne.

13. Annie Laurie

Douglas of Fingland
 and Lady Jane Scott

SCOTCH
 (Lady Jane Scott)

mp

1. Max - wel - ton's braes are bon - nie, Where ear - ly fa's the dew, And it's
 2. Her - brow - is like the snow-drift, Her throat is like the swan, Her—
 3. Like-dew on the gow - an ly - ing, Is the fa' o' her fai - ry feet; And like

mp

mf

there that An - nie Lau - rie Gave me her prom - ise true. Gave me her prom - ise true, Which
 face it is the fair - est That e'er the sun shone on. That e'er the sun shone on, And
 winds in sum - mer sigh - ing, Her voice is soft and sweet. Her voice is soft and sweet, And she's

mf

ne'er for-got will be,
 dark blue is her e'e, } And for bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie I'd—lay—me doon and dee.
 a' the world to me, }

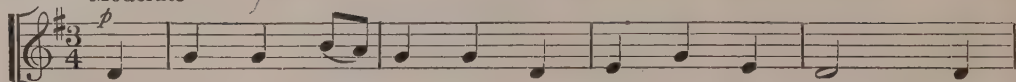
14. Flow gently, sweet Afton

Robert Burns
(1759-1796)

SCOTCH

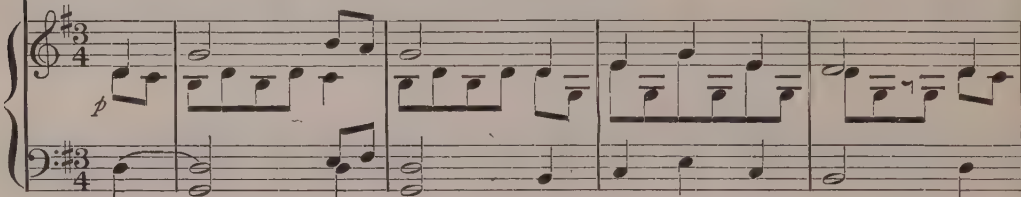
Moderato

VOICES



1. Flow, gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, a - mong thy green braes; Flow
 2. How loft - y, sweet Af - ton, thy neigh - bor - ing hills, Far
 3. Thy crys - tal stream, Af - ton, how love - ly it glides, And

PIANO



gen - tly, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise; My Ma - ry's a - sleep by thy
 mark'd with the cours - es of clear wind - ing rills. There dai - ly I - wan - der, as
 winds by the cot where my Ma - ry. re - sides. How wan - ton thy wa - ters her

mur - mur - ing stream; Flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, dis - turb not her dream. Thou
 noon ris - es high, My flocks and my Ma - ry's sweet cot in my eye. How
 snow - y feet lave, As, gath - 'ring sweet flow'r - ets, she stems thy clear wave. Flow

stock-dove whose ech - o re - sounds thro' the glen, Ye - wild whis - tling
 pleas - ant thy banks and green val - leys be - low, Where wild in the
 gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, a - mong thy green braes, Flow gen - tly, sweet

black - birds in yon— thorn-y— den, Thou green-crest - ed — lap - wing, thy
 wood - lands the prim - ros - es — blow; There oft, as my— eve - ning weeps
 riv - er, the theme of— my- lays: My Ma - ry's a - sleep by thy

scream - ing for - bear, I charge you dis - turb not my slum - ber - ing fair.
 o - ver the lea, The sweet scent - ed birk shades my Ma - ry and me.
 mur - mur - ing stream; Flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, dis - turb not her dream.

15. Juanita

Caroline Norton

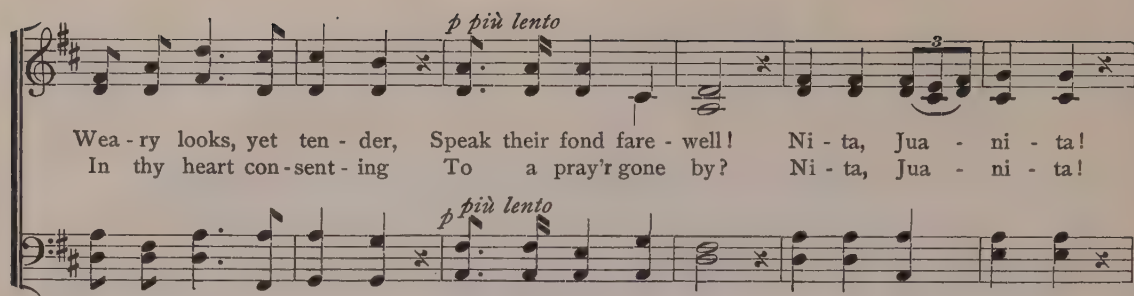
Of Spanish Origin

Andante

1. Soft o'er the foun - tain, Ling - ring falls the south - ern moon; Far o'er the
 2. When, in thy dream - ing, Moons like these shall shine a - gain, And day - light,

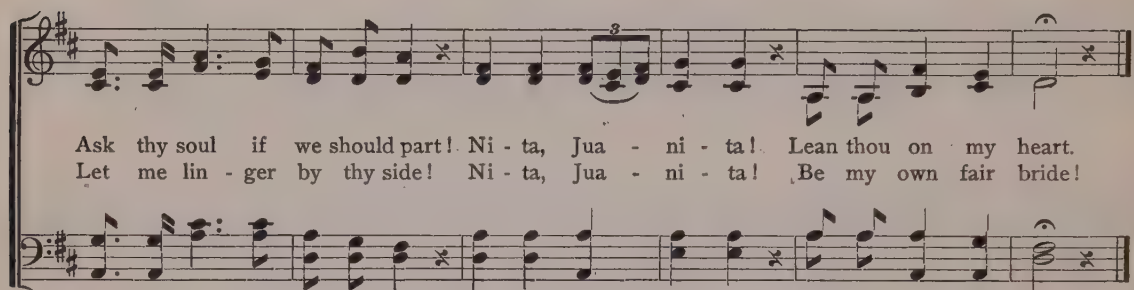
moun-tain, Breaks the day too soon! In thy dark eye's splen-dor, Where the warm light loves to dwell,
 beam - ing, Prove thy dreams are vain, Wilt thou not, re - lent - ing, For thine ab - sent lov - er sigh,

p più lento



Wear - ry looks, yet ten - der, Speak their fond fare - well! Ni - ta, Jua - ni - ta!
In thy heart con - sent - ing To a pray'r gone by? Ni - ta, Jua - ni - ta!

p più lento



Ask thy soul if we should part! Ni - ta, Jua - ni - ta! Lean thou on my heart.
Let me lin - ger by thy side! Ni - ta, Jua - ni - ta! Be my own fair bride!

16. Good-night, ladies!

Allegretto
mp



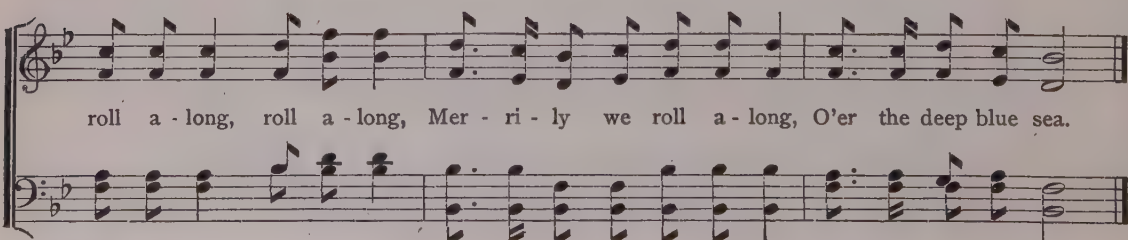
1. Good - night, la - dies! — Good - night, la - dies! — Good - night,
2. Fare - well, la - dies! — Fare - well, la - dies! — Fare - well,
3. Sweet dreams, la - dies! — Sweet dreams, la - dies! — Sweet dreams,

mp



la - dies! — We're going to leave you now.
la - dies! — We're going to leave you now. } Mer - ri - ly we roll a - long,
la - dies! — We're going to leave you now.

mf



roll a - long, roll a - long, Mer - ri - ly we roll a - long, O'er the deep blue sea.

17. Aunt Dinah's Quilting Party

Moderato

mp

In the sky the bright stars glit - ter'd, On the bank the pale moon shone;

And 'twas from Aunt Di - nah's quilt - ing par - ty I was see - ing Nel - lie home.

I was see - ing Nel - lie home, — I was see - ing Nel - lie home, And 'twas

from 'Aunt Di - nah's quilt - ing par - ty I was see - ing Nel - lie home.

18. Over the banister

Moderato

mp

VOICES

2. No - bod - y, on - ly those eyes of brown, Ten - der and full — of
3. Holds — her fin - gers and draws her down, Sud - den - ly grow - ing

PIANO

guil - ing, While be - low, her, with ten - der grace, He watch - es the
 mean - ing, Gaze on the lov - li - est face in town, — O - ver the
 bold - er, Till her love - ly hair lets its mass - es down Like a man - tle

pic - ture, smil - ing. The light — burns dim in the hall be - low,
 ban - is - ter lean - ing. — Tim - id and tired, — with down - cast eyes,
 o - ver his shoul - der. A ques - tion ask'd, — a swift ca - ress, She has

No - bod - y sees them stand - ing, Say - ing good - night a - gain,
 I won - der why she lin - gers Af - ter all the good -
 fled like a bird from the stair - way, But o - ver the ban - is - ter

soft and low, Half - way up to the land - ing.
 nights are said? Some - bod - y holds — her fin - gers!
 comes a "Yes," That bright - ens the world for him al - - way.

19. There is a tavern in the town

ENGLISH
(Arranged)*

Allegro

1. There is a tav-ern in the town, in the town, And there my dear love sits him
2. He left me for a dam-sel dark, dam-sel dark, Each Fri-day night they used to
3. Oh, dig my grave both wide and deep, wide and deep! Put tomb-stones at my head and

down, sits him down, And drinks his wine 'mid laugh-ter-free, And nev-er, nev-er thinks of me.
spark, used to spark, And now my love, once true-to-me, Takes that dark dam-sel on his knee.
feet, head and feet, And on my breast carve a tur-tle dove, To sig-ni-fy I died of love.

CHORUS
mf a tempo

Fare thee well, for I must leave thee, Do not let this part-ing grieve thee, And re -

mf a tempo

mem-ber that the best of friends must part, must part. A - dieu, a - dieu, kind friends, a -

poco rit. *a tempo*

dieu, a - dieu, a - dieu, I can no long-er stay with you, stay with you; I'll—

poco rit. *a tempo*

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poco rit.

hang my harp on a weep-ing wil-low tree, And may the world go well with thee.

poco rit.

20. Upidee

Allegretto

Of German Origin

mp

1. The shades of night were fall-ing fast, (U - pi - dee, u - pi - da) As
 2. His brow was sad, his eye be - neath (U - pi - dee, u - pi - da) Flash'd
 3. "O stay," the maid - en said, "and rest," (U - pi - dee, u - pi - da) "Thy
 4. At break of day, as heav - en - ward (U - pi - dee, u - pi - da) The
 5. A trav'l - er, by the faith - ful hound, (U - pi - dee, u - pi - da) Half -

mp

through an Al - pine vil - lage pass'd (U - pi - dee i - da!) A youth, who bore 'mid
 like a fal - chion from its sheath, (U - pi - dee i - da!) And like a sil - ver
 wear - y head up - on my breast." (U - pi - dee i - da!) A tear stood in his
 pi - ous monks of Saint Ber - nard (U - pi - dee i - da!) Ut - ter'd the oft - re -
 bur - ied in the snow, was found, (U - pi - dee i - da!) Still grasp - ing in his

CHORUS

snow and ice A ban - ner with the strange de - vice:
 clar - ion rung The ac - cents of that un - known tongue:
 bright blue eye, But still he an - swer'd with a sigh:
 peat - ed pray'r, A voice cried thro' the star - tled air:
 hand of ice That ban - ner with the strange de - vice:

f

"U - pi - dee i - dee i - da,

U - pi - dee, u - pi - da! U - pi - dee i - dee i - da, U - pi - dee i - da!"

21. Shenandoah

21

American Sailormen's Song
(Arranged)

Moderato

SOPRANO ALTO

BASS

PIANO

1. & 2. Way - hay,---

1. & 2. Shen - an - doah, - you roll - ing

1. Oh, Shen - an - doah, - I long to hear you, }
2. Oh, Shen - an - doah, - I love your daugh-ter, } **Way - hay, - you roll - ing**

riv - er!

Ha - ha! - We're bound a -

riv - er! { Oh, Shen - an - doah, - I long to hear you, }
{ Oh, Shen - an - doah, - I love your daugh-ter, } **Ha - ha! - We're**

D.S. 3. Fare-well, my dear,— I'm bound to

way,— 'Cross the wide Mis - sou - ri! 3. Fare - well, my
bound a - way, Mis - sou - ri! 3. I'm—

D.S.

leave you, Way - - hay,— riv - er! Oh,
dear, Shen - an - doah,— you roll - ing riv - er! Oh,
bound to leave you, Way - hay,— you roll - ing riv - er! Oh,—

Ped. *

mf cresc. We're bound a -
Shen - an - doah,— I'll not de ceive you. Ha - ha!—
mf cresc.
Shen - an - doah,— I'll not de - ceive you. Ha - ha! We're
mf cresc. *l.h.*
Ped. *

way, *f*

bound a-way, 'Cross the wide Mis-sou-ri!—

bound a-way, Mis-sou-ri!—

f

f

Ped. *

Ped. *

22. Caisson Song

American Army Song

Tempo di marcia

VOICE

PIANO


mf SOLO

1. O - ver hill, o - ver dale, - As we hit the dus - ty trail, And the
 2. In the storm, in the night, Ac - tion left or ac - tion right, See the

mf

Cais-sons go roll - ing a - long, — In and out, hear them shout, Coun - ter
Cais-sons go roll - ing a - long, — Lim - ber front, lim - ber rear, Pre-pare to

march and right a - bout, And the Cais-sons go roll - ing a - long. —
mount your can - non - eer, And the Cais-sons go roll - ing a - long. —

f CHORUS 
Then it's hi! hi! hee! in the field ar - til - ler - y, Shout out your

num - bers loud and strong, Where e'er you go, You will al - ways

(shouted)

know, That the Cais-sons are roll-ing a-long, (Keep them roll-ing), And those Cais-sons go

roll-ing a-long. Then it's long. Batt'-ry! Halt!

* These closing measures may be sung in parts; in which case the harmony of the accompaniment may be used.

23. The Jolly Miller

Allegretto

17th Century English Tune

VOICES

1. There was a jol-ly mil-ler once Liv'd on—the riv-er
2. I love my mill, she is to me Like pa-rent, child, and

PIANO

Dee,— He work'd, and sung from morn till night, No lark—more blithe than
wife,— I would not change my sta-tion For an-y oth-er in

he.— And this the bur - den of his song For - ev - er used to be:— } "I
life.— And this the bur - den of my song For - ev - er-more will be:— }

care for no - bo - dy, no, not I, If no - bo - dy cares for me."—

24. The Coasts of High Barbary

ENGLISH

Con spirito
mf SOLO

VOICE

1. Look a - head, look a - stern, look the wea - ther and the lee.
2. "Then— hail her," our cap - tain he call - ed o'er the side,
3. "O— are you a pi - rate-or a man - o'-war?" cried we.
4. "Then— back up your top - sails and heave your ves - sel to,
5. "We'll— back up our top - sails and heave our ves - sel to,
6. For— broad - side, for broad - side, they fought all on the main,
7. "For— quar - ters, for quar - ters!" the sau - cy pi - rate cried,
8. With— cut - lass and gun, O we fought for hours— three;
9. But, — oh, it was a cru - el sight, and griev - ed us full sore,

Con spirito
mf

PIANO

CHORUS
f SOPRANO and ALTO

Blow high! — Blow low! — and so — sail - ed we. —

TENOR and BASS

f

mf SOLO

- (1.) I see a wreck to wind - ward and a loft - y ship to lee,
 (2.) "O are — you a pi - rate or a man - o' - war?" he cried.
 (3.) "O no! I'm not a pi - rate, but a man - o' - war," cried he.
 (4.) "For we have got some let - ters to be car - ried home by you."
 (5.) "But on - ly in some har - bor and a - long the side of you."
 (6.) Un - til at last the frig - ate shot the pi - rate's mast a - way.
 (7.) The quar - ters that we show'd them was to sink them in the tide.
 (8.) The ship it was their cof - fin, and their grave it was the sea.
 (9.) To see them all a - drown - ing as they tried to swim to shore.

mf

f CHORUS

A - sail - ing down all on the coasts of High Bar - ba - ry.

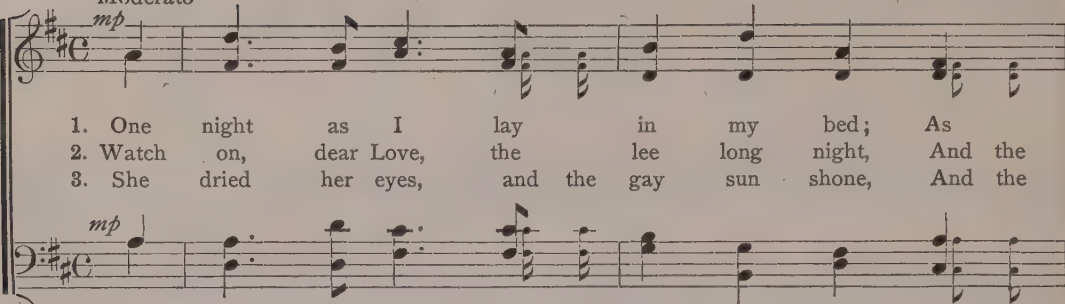
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25. The Foggy Dew

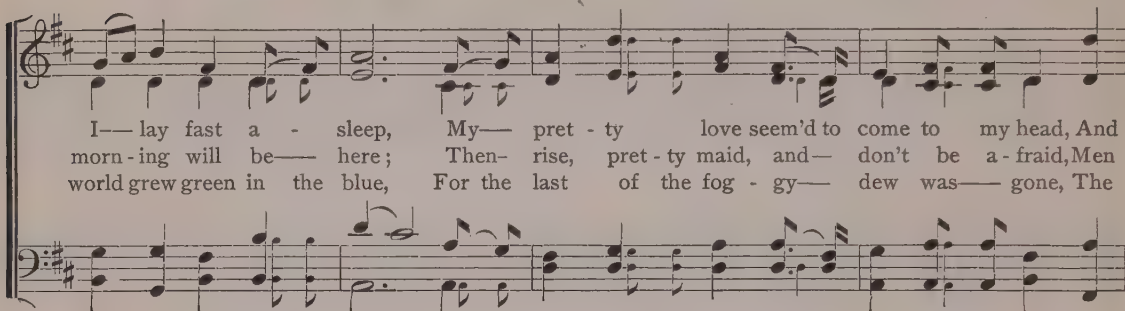
ENGLISH

Moderato

mp

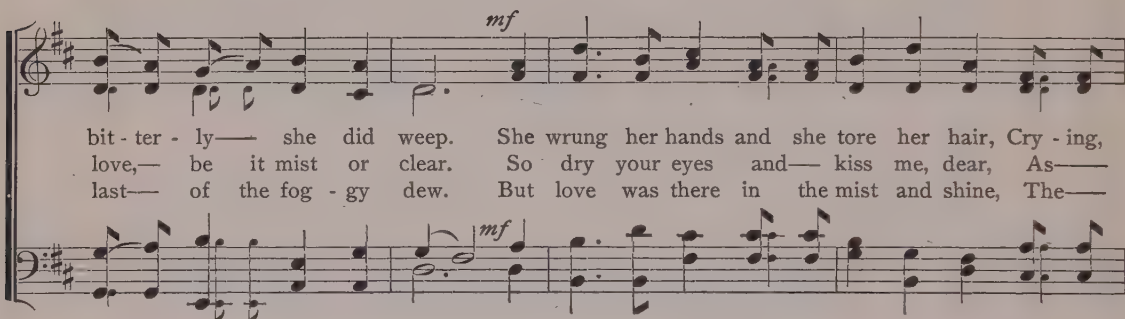


1. One night as I lay in my bed; As
 2. Watch on, dear Love, the lee long night, And the
 3. She dried her eyes, and the gay sun shone, And the

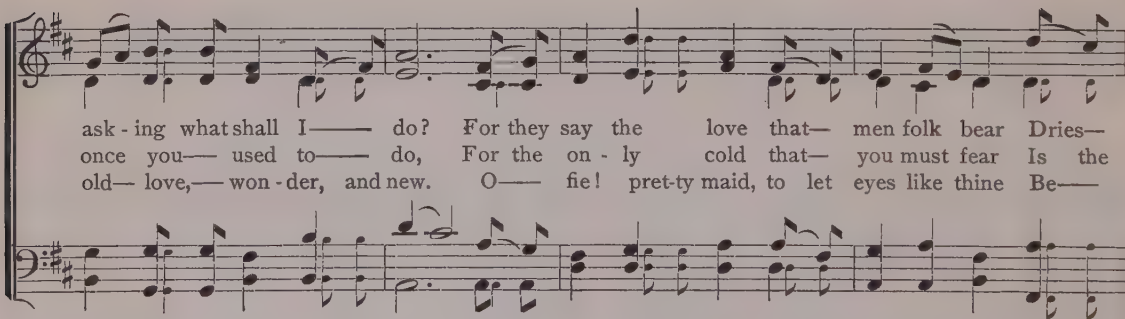


I—lay fast a—sleep, My—pret—ty love seem'd to come to my head, And
 morn—ing will be—here; Then—rise, pret—ty maid, and—don't be a—fraid, Men
 world grew green in the blue, For the last of the fog—gy—dew was—gone, The

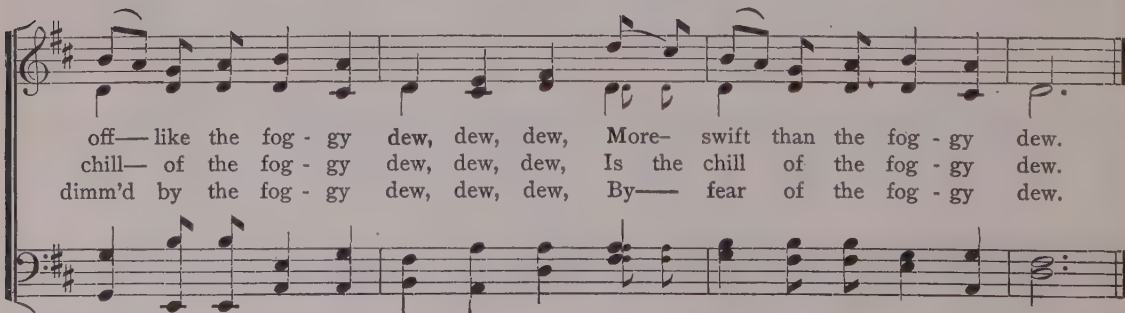
mf



bit—ter—ly—she did weep. She wrung her hands and she tore her hair, Cry—ing,
 love,—be it mist or clear. So dry your eyes and—kiss me, dear, As—
 last—of the fog—gy dew. But love was there in the mist and shine, The—



ask—ing what shall I—do? For they say the love that—men folk bear Dries—
 once you—used to—do, For the on—ly cold that—you must fear Is the
 old—love,—won—der, and new. O—fie! pret—ty maid, to let eyes like thine Be—



off—like the fog—gy dew, dew, dew, More—swift than the fog—gy dew.
 chill—of the fog—gy dew, dew, dew, Is the chill of the fog—gy dew.
 dimm'd by the fog—gy dew, dew, dew, By—fear of the fog—gy dew.

26. Blow away the morning dew

Allegro, ma non troppo

ENGLISH

mp

1. Up - on the sweet - est sum - mer time, In the mid - dle of the morn,
2. She gath - er'd to her love - ly flow'rs, And - spent her time in sport;
3. The yel - low cow - slip by the brim, The - daf - fo - dil as well,
4. She's gone with all those flow - ers sweet Of - white, of red, of blue,

p

mf

A pret - ty dam - sel I es - pied, The fair - est ev - er born,
As if in pret - ty Cu - pid's bow'rs She dai - ly did re - sort. } And sing, blow a - way the
The tim - id prim - rose, pale and trim, The pret - ty snow - drop bell. }
And un - to me, a - bout my feet, Is on - ly left the rue.

mf

morn - ing dew, The dew and the dew, Blow a - way the morn - ing dew, How sweet the winds do blow.

27. Swansea Town

Allegro, ma non troppo

ENGLISH

mf

VOICES

1. Oh, fare - well to you, my Nan - cy, ten thou - sand times a -
2. Oh, it's now that I am out at sea, and you are far - be -

mf

PIANO

dieu! I'm bound to cross the o - cean, girl, once— more to part from you; Once
hind, Kind let - ters I will write to you of the se - crets of my mind; The—

more to part from you, fine girl, } You're the girl that I — a - dore, But still I live in
se - crets of my mind, fine girl, }

hopes to see old Swan-sea Town once more. Old—Swan-sea Town once more, fine girl, you're the

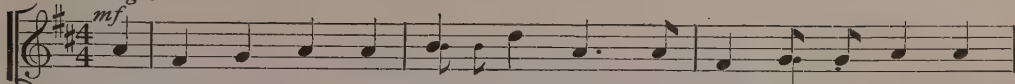
girl that I — a - dore, But still I live in hopes to see old Swan-sea Town once more.

28. The Keeper

ENGLISH

Allegro

VOICES

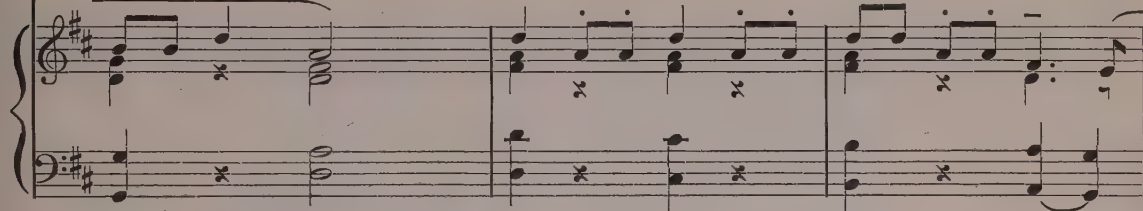


1. The Keep - er did a - shoot - ing go, And un - der his cloak he
2. The first doe he shot at, he miss'd; The sec - ond — doe he
3. The fourth doe she did cross the brook; The Keep - er — fetch'd her
4. The fifth doe she ran ov - er the plain; But he with his hounds did

PIANO

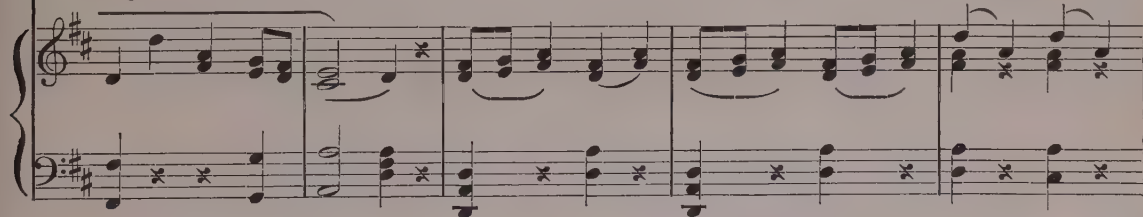


car - ried a bow, All for to shoot at a mer - ry lit - tle doe,
 trimm'd, — he kiss'd; The — third doe — went where — no - bo - dy wist,
 back — with his crook, Where she is now you must go — and — look,
 turn her a - gain, And it's there he did hunt in a mer - ry, mer - ry vein, } A -



(Women) (Men) (W.) (M.) (W.) (M.)

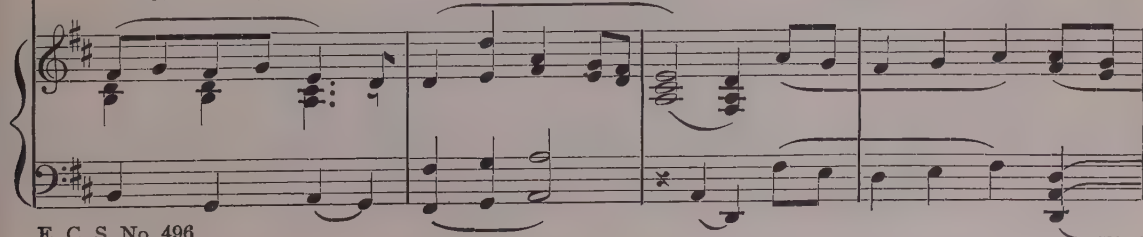
mong the leaves so — green, O. Jack - y boy! Mas - ter! Sing ye well? Ver - y well! Hey down, Ho down,



(W.)

(M.)

Der - ry, der - ry down, A - mong the leaves so — green, O. To my hey down, down, To my



(W.) (M.) (All)

ho, down, down, Hey down, Ho down, Der - ry, der - ry down, A - mong the leaves so - green, O.

29. Flowers in the Valley

Moderato
mf (SOLO*)

ENGLISH

VOICE

- | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|----------|-------|-----|---|---------|-----|-----|---------|-----|---|--------|-----|
| 1. O | there | was | a | wo - | man | and | she | was | a | wid - | ow, |
| 2. There | came | a | — | Knight | all | — | cloth'd | in | — | red, | — |
| 3. There | came | a | — | Knight | all | — | cloth'd | in | — | green, | — |
| 4. There | came | a | — | Knight, | in | — | yel - | low | — | he, | — |

PIANO

mp (CHORUS*)*mf* (SOLO)

Fair are the flow'rs in the val - ley.

With a	daugh -	ter	as	fair	as	a
"I —	would	thou —	wert	my —		
"This —	maid	so —	sweet	might —		
"My —	bride,	my —	queen,	thou —		

(CHORUS)

mf

fresh	sun -	ny	mead -	ow,
bride,"	he —	said,		
be	my —	queen."		
must	with	me!" —		

The Red, the Green, and the Yel - low. The Harp, the Lute, the

* The division between Solo and Chorus is optional.

(SOLO)

Pipe, the Flute, the Cym - bal. Sweet goes the Tre - ble Vi - o - lin.

The
"I
"Might
"With

maid so—rare, and the flow'rs so fair, To—geth—er they grew in the val—ley.
would," she sigh'd, "ne'er wins a bride!"— Fair are the flow'rs in the val—ley.
be," sigh'd she, "will ne'er win me,"— Fair are the flow'rs in the val—ley.
blush—es red, "I— come," she said; "Fare—well to the flow'rs in the val—ley."

30. Heave away!

SOLO Allegretto

ENGLISH

VOICE

1. As I walk'd out one fine morn-ing, All in the month of
(3.) I go with you, my pret - ty maid?" I un - to her— did
(5.) what is your for-tune, my fair pret - ty maid?" I un - to her— did

PIANO

CHORUS

May; }
say; } Heave a - way,— my John - ny! Heave a - way!—
say; }

(1.) I ov - er-took a
(3.) "O yes, if you please, kind
(5.) "My face is my for-tune,

CHORUS

fair pret - ty maid, And un - to her did say: }
 sir,"— she said, All in the month of May. } Heave a - way,— my
 sir,"— she said, All in the month of May. }

f

SOLO

mf

jol - ly boys! We're all bound a-way! 2. "O where are you go-ing to, my pret - ty maid?" } I
 4. "O what is your fa - ther, my pret - ty maid?" }
 6. "Then I can-not mar-ry you, my pret - ty maid!" }

mf

CHORUS

f

SOLO

mf

un - to her did say; Heave a - way,— my John - ny! Heave a - way!—— (2.) "I'm
 (4.) "My

f *mf*

CHORUS

f

go - ing a - milk - ing, sir," she said, }
 fa - ther's a farm - er, kind sir," she said, } All in the month of May. Heave a -
 (6.) "No - bod - y ask'd you, sir," she said, }

f

(verses 1-5) SOLO (last verse)

mf

way, — my jol - ly boys! We're all bound a - way! 3. "Shall way! —
5. "O.

(verses 1-5) (last verse)

mf

31. Spanish Ladies

Allegretto
mf SOLO

ENGLISH

VOICE

1. Fare - well and a - dieu to — you, Span - ish la - dies, Fare -
2. We hove our ship to with the wind from sou' - west, boys, We
3. Then the sig - nal was made for the grand fleet - to an - chor, And —

PIANO

mf

well and a - dieu to you, la - dies of Spain, For we've re - ceiv'd or - ders for to
hove our ship to, — deep sound - ings to take; 'Twas fort - y - five fath - oms with a
all in the Downs — that night for to lie; Let go your shank paint - er, let —

sail for old Eng - land, But we hope in a short time to see you a - gain.
white sand - y bot - tom, So we squar'd our main - yard and up - chan - nel did make.
go — your cat stop - per! Haul — up your clew - gar - nets, let tacks and sheets fly!

CHORUS

f

We will rant and we'll roar like true Brit - ish sail - ors, We'll rant and we'll

roar, all on the salt seas, Un - til we strike sound - ings in the

chan - nel of old Eng - land; From U - shant to Scil - ly is thir - ty - five leagues.

32. O no, John!

Allegro
mf

ENGLISH

1. On yon - der hill there stands a - crea - ture; Who she is I
 2. My fa - ther was a Span - ish Cap - tain—Went to sea a
 3. O Ma - dam, in your face is—beau - ty, On your lips red

do not know. I'll go and court her for her—beau—ty;
 month a go. First he— kiss'd me, then he— left me—
 ros—es grow. Will you— take me for your—lov—er?

She must an—swer Yes or No.
 Bid me al—ways an—swer No! } O no, John! No, John! No,—John! No!
 Ma—dam, an—swer Yes or No. }

4. O Madam, I will give you jewels;
 I will make you rich and free;
 I will give you silken dresses.
 Madam, will you marry me?
 O no, John! No, John! No, John! No!

5. O Madam, since you are so cruel,
 And that you do scorn me so
 If I may not be your lover,
 Madam, will you let me go?
 O no, John! No, John! No, John! No!

6. Then I will stay with you for ever,
 If you will not be unkind.
 Madam, I have vow'd to love you;
 Would you have me change my mind?
 O no, John! No, John! No, John! No!

7. O hark! I hear the church bells ringing;
 Will you come and be my wife?
 Or, dear Madam, have you settled
 To live single all your life?
 O no, John! No, John! No, John! No!

33. Drink to me only with thine eyes

Ben Jonson
 (1573-1637)

ENGLISH

Moderato

1. Drink to me on—ly with thine eyes, And I— will pledge with mine;—
 2. I sent thee late a ros—y wreath, Not so—much hon—'ring thee—

Or leave a kiss but in—the cup,—And I'll— not ask for wine.— The
 As giv—ing it a hope that there It could not with—er'd be;— But

thirst that from the soul doth rise Doth ask a drink di - vine;—
thou there - on didst on - ly breathe, And send'st it back to me;—

But might I of Jove's nec - tar sup - I would not change for thine.—
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear, Not of - it - self but thee!—

34. All through the night

H. Boulton

WELSH

Andante

p (SOLO*)

(CHORUS)

(SOLO)

VOICE

- | | |
|---|-----------------------|
| 1. Sleep, my love, and peace at - tend thee, All through the night; | Guard - ian an - gels |
| 2. Though I roam a min - strel lone - ly, All through the night; | My true harp shall |
| 3. Hark! a sol - emn bell is ring - ing, Clear through the night; | Thou, my love, art |

PIANO

(CHORUS)

(SOLO)

God will lend thee, All through the night.	Soft the drow - sy hours are creep - ing,
praise thee on - ly, All through the night.	Love's young dream, a - las! is o - ver,
heav'n - ward wing - ing, Home through the night.	Earth - ly dust from off thee shak - en,

* If desired, the whole song may be sung in unison.

(Chorus)

Hill and vale in slum-ber steep-ing, Love a-lone his watch is keep-ing, All through the night.
 Yet my strains of love shall hov-er, Near the pres-ence of my lov-er, All through the night.
 Soul im-mor-tal thou shalt wak-en, With thy last dim jour-ney tak-en, Home through the night,

35. Saint David's Day

Moderato

mf

WELSH

1. When King Cad-wall-on-fam'd of old 'Mid tu-mults and a-
 2. The-Sax-ons, in their wild dis-tress Of-this their hour of
 3. "Be-hold," the gal-lant mon-arch cried, "A-tro-phy bright and

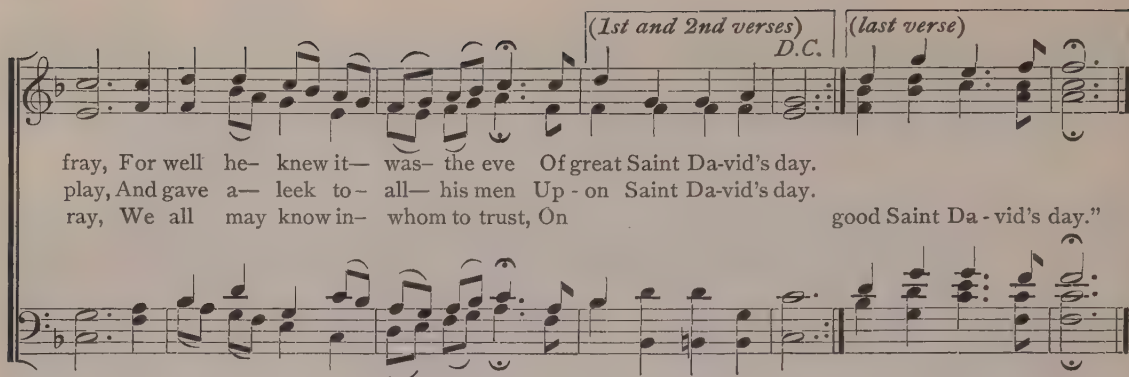
larms, With dauntless heart and cour-age, bold, Led on the Brit-ish arms, He bade his men ne'er
 need, Dis-guis'd them in the Brit-ish dress, The he-ro to mis-lead. But soon the Welshman's
 green, And let it for our bat-tle guide In-ev-ry helm be seen! That when we meet, as—

- (1.) His heart so—bold
 (2.) Dis-guised their dress,
 (3.) And let our guide

fret—nor grieve, Nor doubt the com-ing fray, For well he knew it—was the eve Of
 ea-ger ken Per-ceiv'd the cra-ven play, And gave a leek to— all—his men Up-
 meet we must, The Sax-on's proud ar-ray, We all may know in—whom to trust On

great Saint Da-vid's day. He—bade his men ne'er—fret nor grieve, Nor doubt the com-ing
 on Saint Da-vid's day. But—soon the Welsh-man's ea-ger ken Per-ceiv'd the cra-ven
 good Saint Da-vid's day." "That when we meet, as—meet we must, The Sax-on's proud ar-

(1st and 2nd verses) D.C. (last verse)



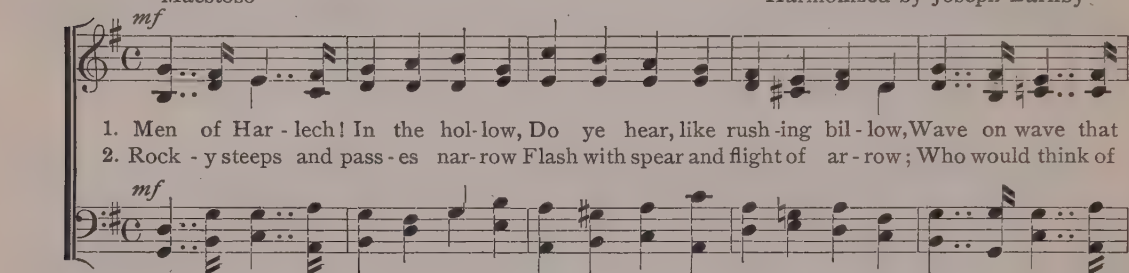
fray, For well he- knew it- was- the eve Of great Saint Da-vid's day.
 play, And gave a- leek to- all- his men Up - on Saint Da-vid's day.
 ray, We all may know in- whom to trust, On good Saint Da - vid's day."

36. March of the Men of Harlech

William Duthie
Maestoso

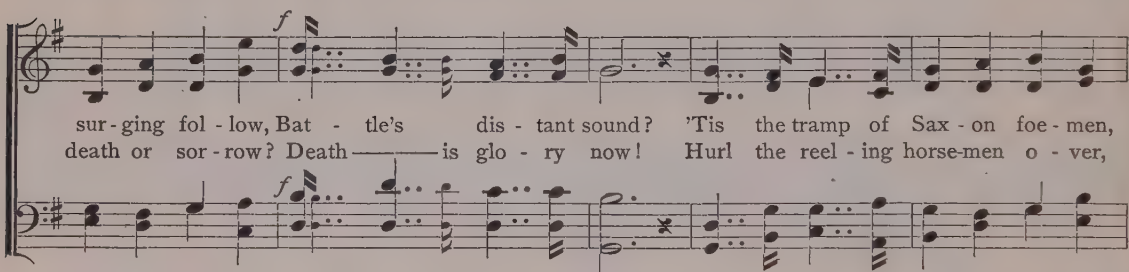
WELSH
Harmonized by Joseph Barnby

mf



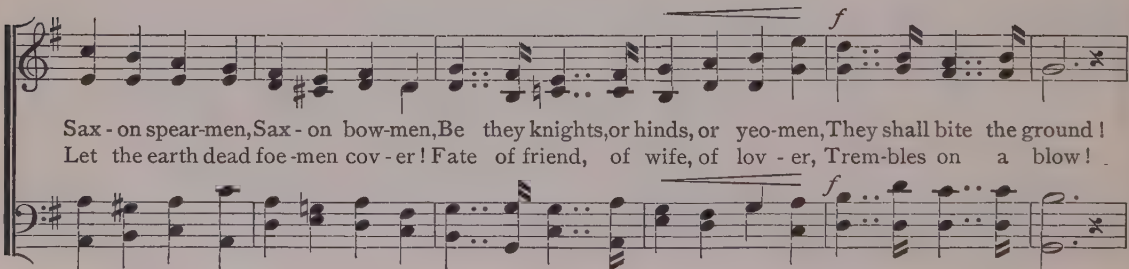
1. Men of Har-lech! In the hol-low, Do ye hear, like rush-ing bil-low, Wave on wave that
 2. Rock - y steeps and pass-es nar-row Flash with spear and flight of ar-row; Who would think of

f

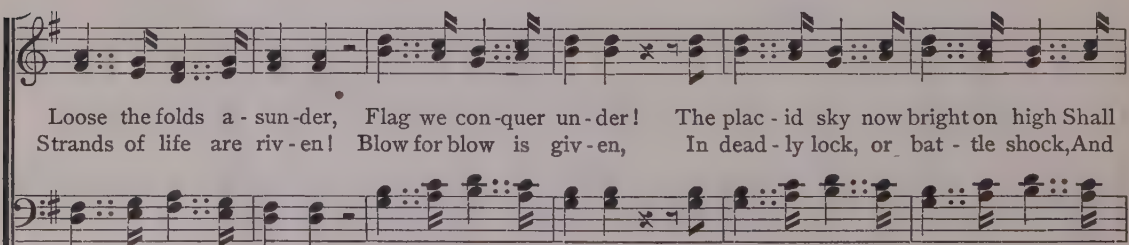


sur-ging fol-low, Bat-tle's dis-tant sound? 'Tis the tramp of Sax-on foe-men,
 death or sor-row? Death—is glo-ry now! Hurl the reel-ing horse-men o-ver,

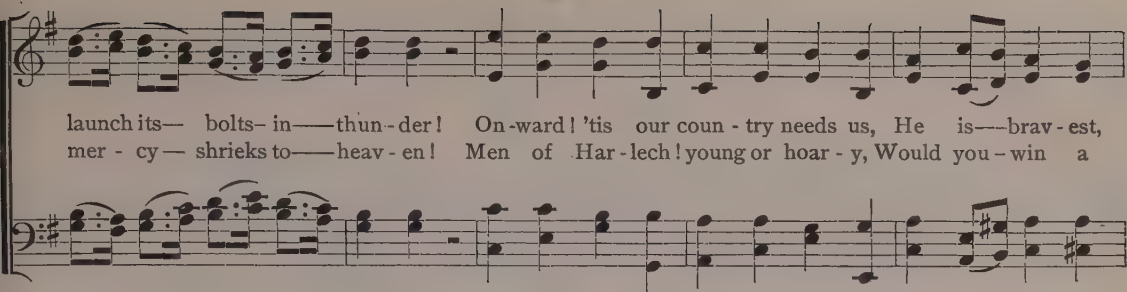
f



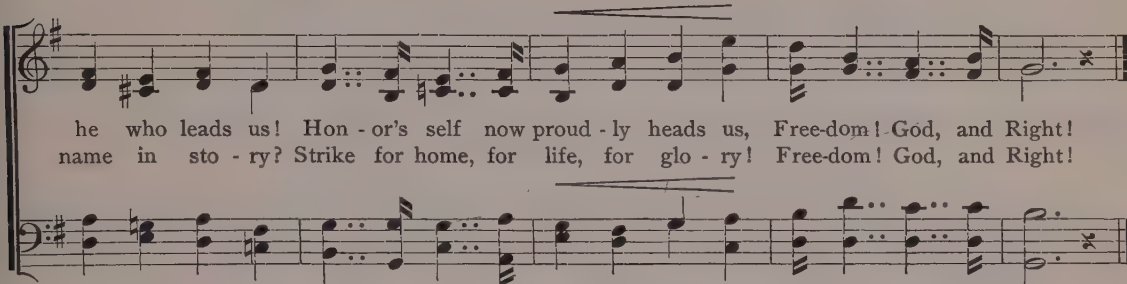
Sax-on spear-men, Sax-on bow-men, Be they knights, or hinds, or yeo-men, They shall bite the ground!
 Let the earth dead foe-men cov-er! Fate of friend, of wife, of lov-er, Trem-bles on a blow!



Loose the folds a-sun-der, Flag we con-quer un-der! The plac-id sky now bright on high Shall
 Strands of life are riv-en! Blow for blow is giv-en, In dead-ly lock, or bat-tle shock, And



launch its— bolts— in— thun— der! On— ward! 'tis our coun— try needs us, He is— brav— est,
mer— cy— shrieks to— heav— en! Men of Har—lech! young or hoar— y, Would you— win a



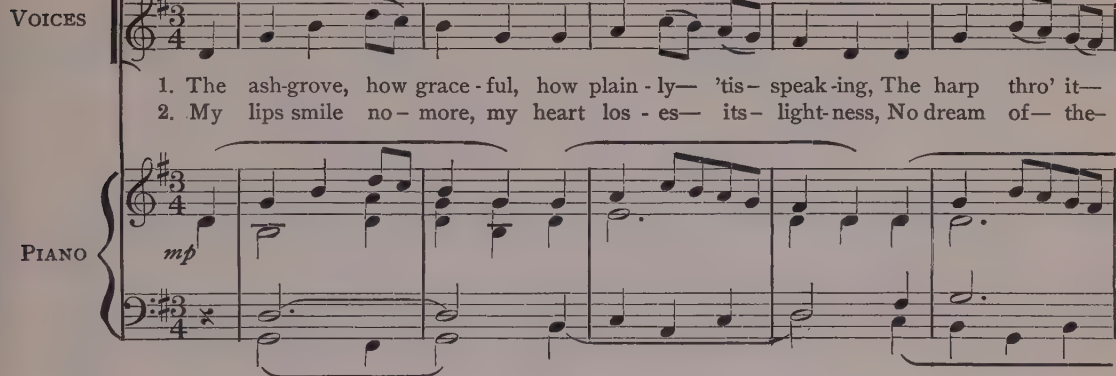
he who leads us! Hon— or's self now proud— ly heads us, Free— dom! God, and Right!
name in sto— ry? Strike for home, for life, for glo— ry! Free— dom! God, and Right!

37. The Ash-grove

Andante

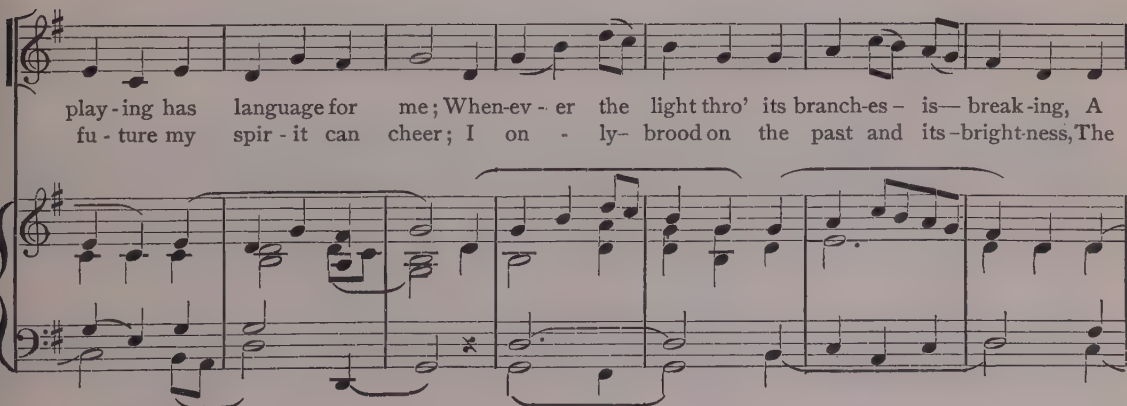
WELSH

VOICES *mp*



1. The ash-grove, how grace— ful, how plain— ly— 'tis— speak— ing, The harp thro' it—
2. My lips smile no— more, my heart los— es— its— light— ness, No dream of— the—

PIANO *mp*



play— ing has language for me; When— ev— er the light thro' its branch— es— is— break— ing, A
fu— ture my spir— it can cheer; I on— ly— brood on the past and its— bright— ness, The

mf

host of— kind fac - es is gaz - ing on me. The friends of— my- child-hood a -
 dead I— have mourn'd are a - gain liv - ing here. From ev - 'ry— dark nook they press

mf

p

gain are be - fore me, Each step wakes a— mem-'ry, as free - ly I roam; With soft whis-pers
 for - ward to meet me, I lift up— my eyes to the broad leaf - y dome; And oth - ers are—

p

la - den, its leaves rus - tle— o'er me; The ash - grove, the ash-grove a - lone is my home.
 there, look - ing down - ward to— greet me; The ash - grove, the ash-grove a - lone is my home.

38. Oh, why camest thou before me

WELSH

Moderato
mp

1. Oh, why cam - est thou 'be - fore me, In that wealth of charms ar - ray'd,
 2. Didst thou ev - er look up - on me, 'Twas with glanc - es proud and cold;

mp

Which a—ma—gic spell cast o'er me, And my—life a—des—ert—made?
Ne'er those eyes, whose bright—ness won me, E'en of—gen—tle—pi—ty—told.

Thou hast ne'er, I—own, de—ceiv'd me, Nev—er—love didst thou pro—fess;
If to—love thou hadst pre—tend—ed, Wert thou—false as—well as—fair,

But of—joy thou hast be—reav'd me, By that won—drous love—li—ness.
One bright mo—ment had de—scend—ed On the waste of—dark des—pair.

39. Hark! The Summons

Allegretto

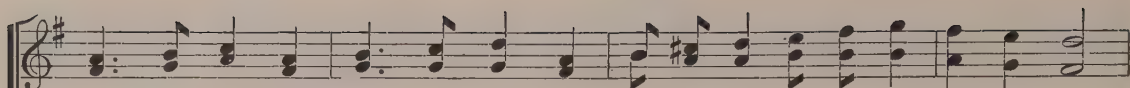
WELSH

mf

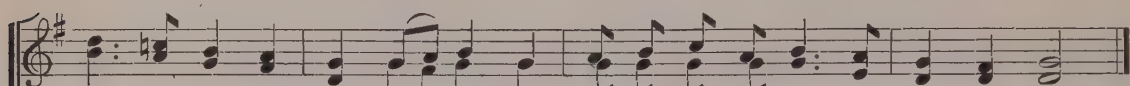
1. Hark! The sum—mons, come, my—fel—lows,
2. Toil and trou—ble lie be—hind us, } Fa la la la la la la la,
3. Quick, join hands, and foot it—neat—ly, }

mf

Crown your hats with hol—ly—ber—ry,
Think no more of chanc—es—drear—y, } Fa la la la la la la la,
In the dance we ne'er can wea—ry, }



Hark! the peal - ing bells that tell us,
While the well-known strains re - mind us, Fa la la la la la la la,
To the harp that sounds so sweet - ly.



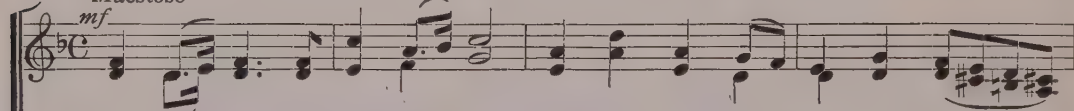
'Tis the eve of New Year mer - ry, Fa la la la la la la la.

40. The Monks' March

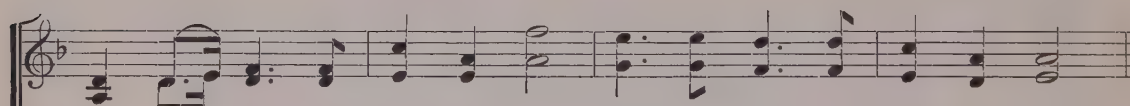
Walter Scott
(1771-1832)

WELSH

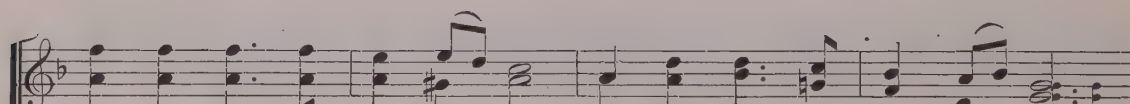
Maestoso



1. When the - hea - then trum - pets' clang Round be - lea - guer'd Ches - ter rang, —
2. Ban - gor! O'er the mur - der - wail, Long thy ru - ins— told the tale; —



Veil - éd— nun and fri - ar gray March'd from Ban - gor's fair ab - bey.
Shat - ter'd— tow'r and bro - ken arch Long re - call'd the woe - ful march:



High their ho - ly an - them sounds, Kes - tria's vale the hymn re - bounds,
On thy shrine no ta - pers burn, Nev - er shall thy priests re - turn; The

Float - ing - down - the syl - van - Dee, — } "O mi - se - re - re Do - mi - ne."
 pil - grim sighs — and sings for - thee, — }

Float - ing — down, down the Dee, }
 pil - grim - sighs, sings for thee, } "O mi - se - re - re Do - mi - ne."

41. Hunting the Hare

WELSH

Vivace
mf

VOICES

1. O - ver hill — and plain they're bound-ing, Thro' the air — they seem to fly;
 2. When the day's glad sport is o - ver, Seat - ed in — the Bar - on's hall

PIANO
mf

Hark! the mer - ry horn is sound-ing, List! the hunt - er's jov - ial cry!
 Round the fes - tive board dis - cov - er gal - lant hunt - ers one and all!

f

Now thro' din - gle, dell, and hol - low, Dart they on — at fear - less pace;
 Laugh-ing loud - ly, jok - ing, sing - ing, As — the wine goes round a - pace

f

Oh, what joy— the hounds to fol - low, There's no pleas - ure like— the chase.
While the an - cient roof is ring - ing With the glo - ries of— the chase.

42. Loch Lomond

SCOTCH

Moderato
SOLO

VOICE

1. By yon bon - nie banks— and yon bon - nie braes, Where the
2. 'Twas there that we part - ed in yon sha - dy glen, On the
3. The wee bird - ies sing and the wild flow - ers spring; And in

PIANO

mf

sun shines bright on Loch Lo - mond; Where me and my true love were
steep, steep side of Ben Lo - mond, Where in pur - ple— hue— the
sun - shine the wa - ters 'are sleep - ing, But the bro - ken heart— it kens nae

ev - er wont to gae, On the bon - nie, bon - nie banks of Loch Lo - mond.
High - land hills we view, And the moon— com - ing out in the gloam - ing.
sec - ond spring a - gain, Though the wae - fu' may cease from their greet - ing.

mf CHORUS

Oh, ye'll take the high road, and I'll take the low road, And

I'll be in Scot - land a - fore ye; But me and my true love will

nev - er meet a - gain, On the bon - nie, bon - nie banks of Loch Lo - mond.

(After last verse only)

f

43. Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon

Robert Burns
(1759-1796)SCOTCH
James Miller
(?-1788)

Moderato

VOICES

1. Ye banks and braes— o' bon - nie Doon, How can— ye bloom sae
 2. Oft have I rov'd— by bon - nie Doon, To see— the rose— and

PIANO

fresh and fair; How can ye chant, ye lit - tle birds, And I— sae wea - ry, fu'— o' care!
 wood-bine twine, And il - ka bird sang of— its love, And fond - ly sae did I— o' mine.

Thou'lt break my heart, thou warb - ling bird, That wan - tons through the flow'r-ing thorn; Thou
 Wi' light-some heart I pu'd a rose, Fu' sweet up - on— its thorn-y tree; And -

mind'st me o'— de - part - ed joys,— De - part - ed, nev - er to— re - turn!
 my fause lov - er stole the rose,— But, ah,— he left— the thorn wi' me!

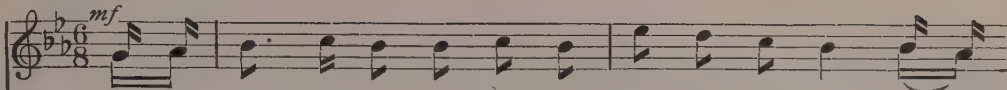
44. Bonnie Dundee

Walter Scott
(1771-1832)

SCOTCH

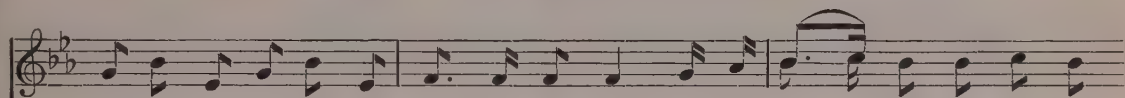
Allegro
SOLO

VOICE

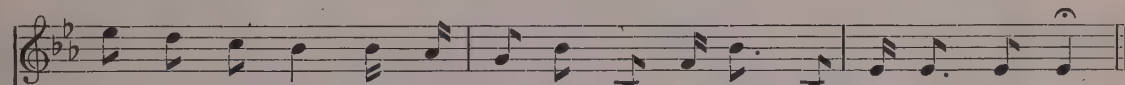
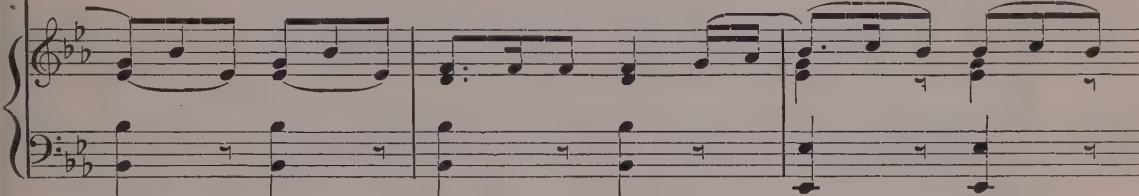


1. To the Lords o' Con-ven-tion 'twas Cla-ver-house spoke: "Ere the
 2. Dun-dee he is moun-ted, he rides up the street, The—
 3. There are hills be-yond Pent-land, and lands be-yond Forth, Be there
 4. Then a-wa' to the hills, to the lea, to the rocks, Ere I

PIANO



King's crown go down there are crowns to be broke; Then each Cav-a-lier who loves
 bells they ring back-ward and drums they are beat, But the pro-vost (douce man) said: "Just
 lords in the south there are chiefs in the north; There are brave—Duinne-was-sels, three
 own a u-sur-per I'll couch wi' the fox; And—trem-ble, fause Whigs, in the



hon-our and [me, Let him fol-low the bon-nets o' Bon-nie Dun-dee!"
 e'en let it be, For the town is weel rid o' that de'il o' Dun-dee!"
 thou-sand times three, Will cry "Hie, for the bon-nets o' Bon-nie Dun-dee!"
 midst o' your glee, Ye hae no seen the last o' my bon-nets 'and me!"



CHORUS



Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can! Come sad-dle my hors-es and call out my men! Come



o - pen the West-port, let us gae free, For it's up wi' the bon-nets o' Bon-nie Dun-dee!

45. The Hundred Pipers*

Lady Nairne
(1766-1845)SCOTCH
(Arranged)Allegro
*mf*SOPRANO
ALTO

1. Wi' a hun - dred pi - pers, an' a', an' a', Wi' a hun - dred pi - pers, an'
 2. Oh, our sod - ger lads— look'd braw, look'd braw, Wi' their tar - tans, kilts,— an'
 3. Oh,— wha is fore-maist o' a', o' a'? Oh,— wha does fol - low the

TENOR
BASSAllegro
mf

PIANO

a', an' a', We'll— up— an' gie them a blaw,— a blaw, Wi' a
 a', an' a', Wi' their bon - nets, and feath - ers, An' glit - ter - ing gear, An'—
 blaw, the blaw? Bon - nie Charl - ie, the King o' us a',— hur - ra! Wi' his

* This song commemorates the surrender of the town of Carlisle to Prince Charles, in 1745, when he invaded England at the head of a Scots' army. He "entered Carlisle on a white horse, with a hundred pipers playing before him, whose shrill music was not calculated to inspire the citizens with confidence in their grotesque conquerors." (Burton's *History of Scotland*.)

hun - dred pi - pers, an' a', an' a'.
pi - brochs sound - ing sweet and clear.
hun - dred pi - pers an' a', an' a'!

- (1.) Oh, it's ow - er the Bor - der a -
(2.) Will they a' re - turn to their
(3.) His bon - net and fea - ther he's

It's ow - er the Bor - der a - wa', a - wa'. We'll -
Will they a' re - turn, our Hie - land men? Sec - ond
His pranc - ing steed - maist seems to fly! The -

wa', a - wa',
ain dear glen?
wav - ing high!

on and we'll march - to Car - lisle Ha', Wi' its yetts, its cas - tle, an' a', an' a'.
sight - ed Sand - y look'd fu' wae, And - mith - ers grat when they march'd a - way.
nor - wind plays wi' his cur - ly hair, While the pi - pers blaw in an un - co flare!

f

Wi' a hun-dred pi - pers, an' a', an' a', Wi' a hun-dred pi - pers, an' a', an' a', We'll

f

up an' gie them a blow, a blow, Wi' a hun-dred pi - pers, an' a', an' a'.

46. The Campbells are comin'

Verses written about 1715, at the period of the Scotch Rebellion

SCOTCH

Vivace
mf

VOICES

The Camp-bells are com-in', O - ho, O - ho! The Camp-bells are com-in', O -

PIANO

mf

ho, O - ho! The Camp-bells are com - in' to bon - nie Loch Le - ven; The

Fine mf

Camp-bells are com - in', O - ho, O - ho! 1. Up - on the Lo - monds I
2. The great Ar - gyle— he
3. The Camp - bells they— are

mf

8va bassa.

lay, I lay,— Up - on the Lo - monds I lay, I lay, I look - ed down to
goes be - fore, He makes the can - nons and guns to roar, Wi' sound o' trum - pet,
a' in arms, Their loy - al faith— and truth to show, Wi' ban - ners rat - tlin'

D.C. al Fine

bon - nie Loch Le - ven, And saw — three bon - nie per - ches play.
pipe— and drum,— The Camp-bells are com - in', O - ho, O - ho!
in— the wind,— The Camp-bells are com - in', O - ho, O - ho!

47. Turn ye to me

John Wilson
(1785-1854)

SCOTCH

Andante
mp

VOICES

mp

1. The stars are burn - ing cheer - i - ly, cheer - i - ly, Ho - ro, Mhai - ri - dhu,
2. The waves are dan - cing mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, Ho - ro, Mhai - ri - dhu,

PIANO

p

turn ye — to me! The sea-mew is moan-ing drear - i - ly, dear - i - ly, Ho - ro,
turn ye — to me! The sea-birds are wail - ing wear - i - ly, wear - i - ly, Ho - ro,

Mhai - ri - dhu, turn ye — to me! Cold is the storm wind that ruf - fles his breast, But
Mhai - ri - dhu, turn ye — to me! Hush'd be thy moan - ing, lone bird of the sea, Thy

warm are the down - y plumes lin - ing his nest. Cold blows the storm there,
 home on the rocks is a shel - ter to thee. Thy home is the an - gry wave,

F. C. S. No. 496

soft falls the snow— there, Ho - ro, Mhai - ri - dhu, turn ye— to me.
mine but the lone - ly grave, Ho - ro, Mhai - ri - dhu, turn ye— to me.

48. The winter it is past

Moderato

SCOTCH

1. The win - ter it is past, And the sum - mer's come at last, And the
2. My - love is like the sun That— in the sky doth run, For—
3. All - you that are in love, And— can - not it re - move, I—

small birds sing on ev - 'ry— tree; The— hearts of these are
ev - er so con - stant and true; But— his is like the
pi - - ty the pains you en - dure, For ex - per - ience makes me

glad, But mine is ve - ry sad, For my true love is part - ed from me.
moon That wan - ders up and doon, And— ev - 'ry— month it is new.
know Your hearts are full of woe, A— woe that no mor - tal can cure.

49. The Minstrel Boy

Thomas Moore
(1779-1852)

IRISH

Andante, ma non troppo

mf

1. The min - strel boy—to the war is gone, In the ranks of death—you'll
 2. The min - strel fell!—but the foe - man's chain Could not bring his proud—soul

mf

find—him; His fa - ther's sword he has gird - ed on, And his wild harp slung—be - hind him.
 un - der; The harp he lov'd ne'er - spoke a - gain, For he tore its chords—a - sun - der; And

f

"Land of song!" said the war - rior bard, "Tho' all the world be - trays— thee, One
 said, "No chains shall—sul - ly thee, Thou soul of love and brav - 'ry! Thy

f

sword, at least, thy—rights shall guard, One—faith - ful harp—shall praise thee!"
 songs were made for the pure and free, They shall nev - er sound—in slav - 'ry!"

50. The Meeting of the Waters

Thomas Moore
(1779-1852)

IRISH

Andante

VOICES

mp

1. There is not in the wide world a val - ley so sweet As that
 2. Sweet - vale of A - vo - ca! how calm could I rest In thy

mp

PIANO

vale in whose bos - om the bright wa - ters meet; Oh, the last rays of - feel - ing and
bos - om of - shade with the friends I love best; Where the storms that we feel in this

life must de - part, Ere the bloom, of that val - ley, shall
cold world should cease, And our hearts, like thy wa - ters, be

fade from my heart, Ere the bloom of that val - ley shall fade from my heart.
min - gled in peace, And our hearts, like thy wa - ters, be min - gled in peace.

51. The Foggy Dew

IRISH

Moderato *mp*

VOICES

1. Oh, a wan cloud was drawn o'er the dim weep - ing dawn, As to
2. But the sud - den sun kiss'd the cold cru - el mist In - to

PIANO *mp*

Shan - non's side— I re - turn'd at last; And the heart in my breast for the
dan - cing show - ers of dia - mond dew; And the dark flow - ing stream laugh'd

girl I lov'd best Was— beat - ing, beat - ing, how loud and fast,
back to his beam, And the lark— soar'd sing - ing, a - loft in the blue;

mf
While the doubts and the fears of the long, — ach - ing years Seem'd
While no phan - tom of night, but a form— of de - light, Stood with

ming - ling their voic - es with the moan - ing flood, Till— full in my path, like a
arms out - spread for her dar - ling boy; And the girl I lov'd best, on my

wild wa - ter - wraith, My— true— love's shad - ow la - ment - ing stood.
wild, throb - bing breast Hid her thou - sand treas - ures with a cry of joy.

52. Has sorrow thy young days shaded?

Thomas Moore
(1779-1852)

IRISH

Andante

VOICES *mp*

1. Has sor - row thy young days sha - ded, As clouds o'er the morn - ing
2. If— thus the young hours have fleet - ed, When sor - row it - self look'd

PIANO *mp*

fleet?— Too— fast have those young days fa - ded, That ev - en in sor - row were
bright;— If— thus the fair hope - hath cheat - ed, That led thee a - long— so

sweet?— Does time with his cold— wing with - er Each feel - ing that - once was
light;— If thus the cold world now with - er Each feel - ing that once was

dear?—Then } child of mis-for-tune, come hith - er, I'll weep with thee, tear-for tear.—
dear,—Come}

53. The Galway Piper

IRISH

Vivace

mp

VOICES

1. Ev - 'ry per - son in the na - tion, - Or of great or hum - ble sta - tion, -
2. When the wed - ding bells are ring - ing, - His the breath to lead the sing - ing, -
3. When he walks the high - way peal - ing, - Round his head the birds come wheel - ing, -

PIANO

mp
*mf**f*

Holds in high - est es - ti - ma - tion Pi - ping Tim of - Gal - way. Loud - ly - he can play or low;
Then in jigs the folks go swing - ing, What a - splendid pi - per! He will blow from eve to morn,
Tim has car - ols worth the steal - ing, Pi - ping Tim of - Gal - way. Thrush and lin - net, finch and lark,

*mf**f*

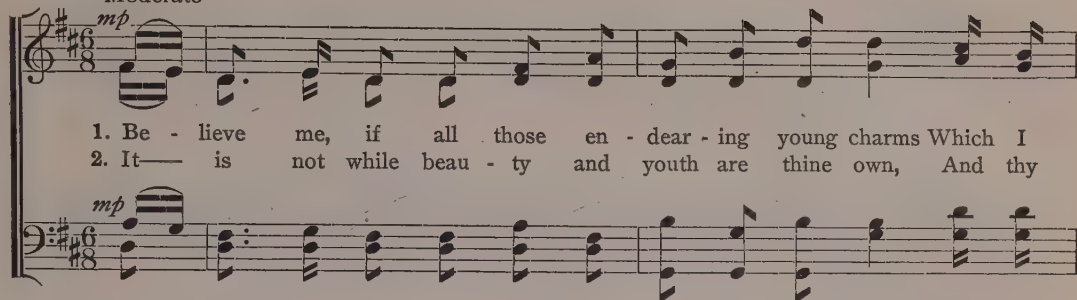
He can move you fast or slow; Touch your hearts or stir your toe, Pi - ping Tim of Gal - way.
Counting sleep a thing of scorn, Old is - he but not out - worn, Know you such a pi - per?
To each oth - er twit - ter, "Hark!" Soon they sing from light to dark Pi - pings learnt in Gal - way.

54. Believe me, if all those endearing young charms

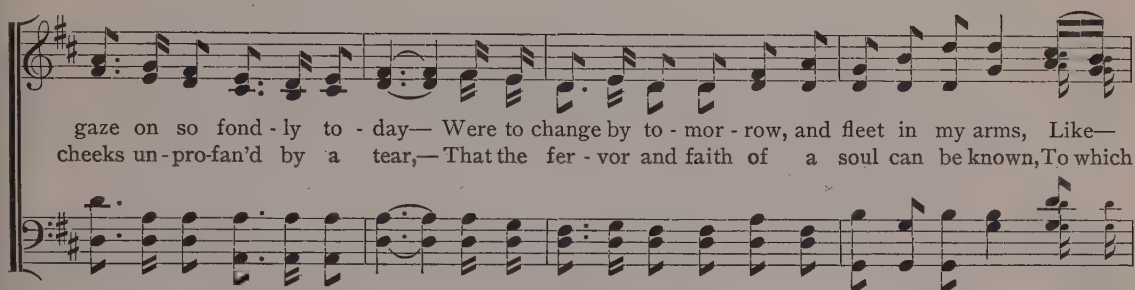
Thomas Moore
(1779-1852)

IRISH

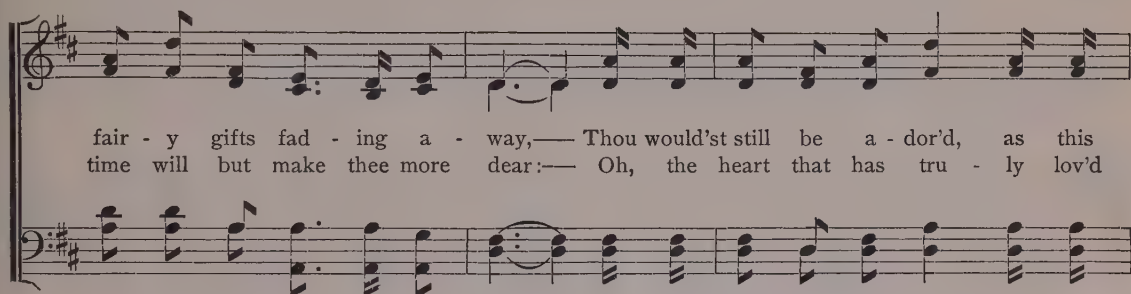
Moderato



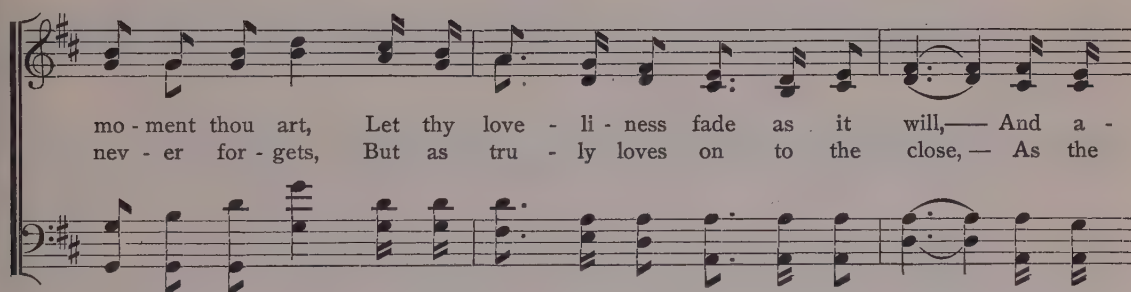
1. Be - lieve me, if all those en - dear - ing young charms Which I
2. It — is not while beau - ty and youth are thine own, And thy



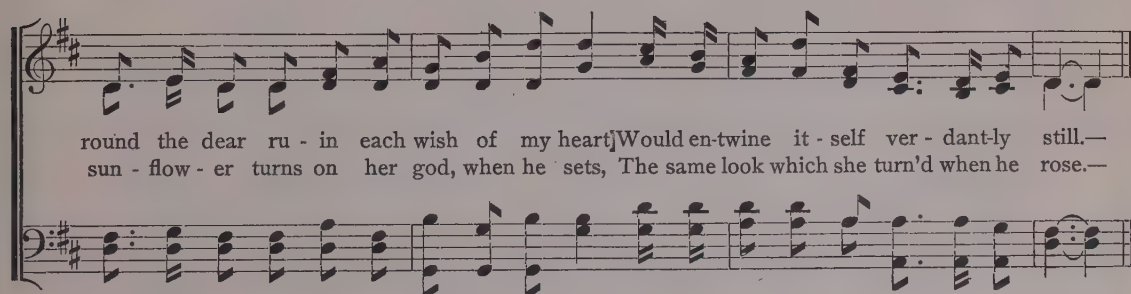
gaze on so fond - ly to - day— Were to change by to - mor - row, and fleet in my arms, Like—
cheeks un-pro-fan'd by a tear,— That the fer - vor and faith of a soul can be known, To which



fair - y gifts fad - ing a - way,— Thou would'st still be a - dor'd, as this
time will but make thee more dear:— Oh, the heart that has tru - ly lov'd



mo - ment thou art, Let thy love - li - ness fade as it will,— And a -
nev - er for - gets, But as tru - ly loves on to the close,— As the



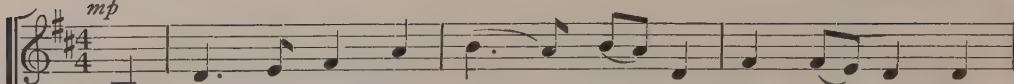
round the dear ru - in each wish of my heart] Would en - twine it - self ver - dant - ly still.—
sun - flow - er turns on her god, when he sets, The same look which she turn'd when he rose.—

55. The Fanaid Grove

Moderato

IRISH

VOICES

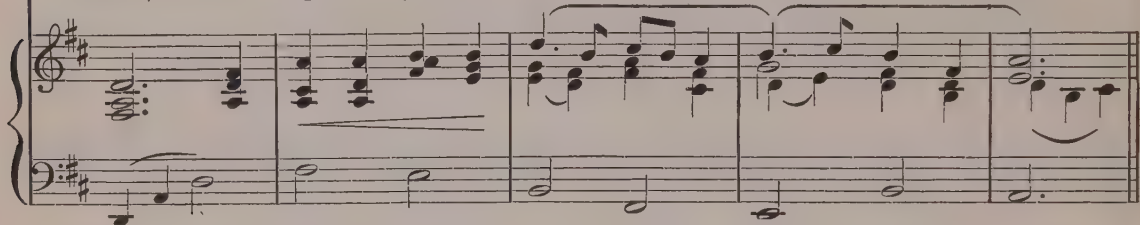


1. 'Twas on a win - ter's eve - - ning When first came down the
 2. "Hard heart - ed was my fa - - ther That shut the - door on
 3. Un - to a qui - et grove she went, And there did - she kneel

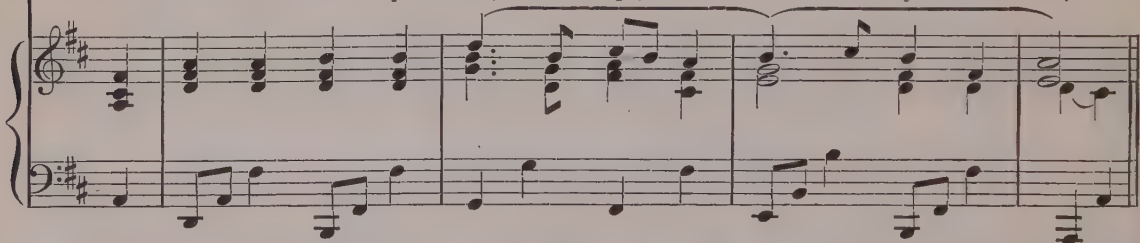
PIANO



snow, O'er hills and loft - y moun - tains The storm - y winds did blow;
 me; And more so was my moth - er— For plain - ly did she see
 down; Turn - ing her eyes to heav - en— In - sor - row she made moan;



A dam - sel she came trip - ping down All in a drift of snow,
 That dark and storm - y was the night, It pierc'd my heart with cold,
 She kiss'd her ba - by's cold, cold lips, - And laid it by her side,



With a ba - by in her snow-white arms, She knew not where to go.
 And — cru - el was that false young man That sold his - love for gold."
 And — in that si - lent Fan - aid grove In lone - ly - grief she died.



56. Down by the Sally gardens

William Butler Yeats
(1865-)

IRISH

Moderato

VOICES

mp

1. Down- by the Sal - ly gar - dens My- love and- I did
 2. In a field by the riv - er My- love and- I did

mp

mf

meet She— pass'd the Sal - ly gar - dens With lit - tle snow-white feet. She
 stand, And— on my- lean-ing shoul - der She plac'd- her snow-white hand. She

mf

bid me— take love ea - sy, As the leaves grow on- the— tree, But—
 bid me— take life ea - sy, As the grass grows on- the— weirs, But—

I, be - ing young and— fool - ish, With her did- not a - gree.
 I, was— young and— fool - ish, And now am full of tears.

57. Avenging and bright

Thomas Moore
(1779-1852)

IRISH

Andante
mf

VOICES

1. A - veng - ing— and- bright fall the swift sword of E - rin, On
2. By the red cloud that hung o - ver Co - nor's dark dwell - ing, When
3. We swear to— re - venge them! No joy shall be tast - ed, The
4. Yes, mon - arch, though sweet are our home re - col - lec - tions, Though

PIANO
mf

him who- the- brave sons of Us - na be - tray'd; For ev - 'ry- fond eye he hath
U - lad's three cham-pions lay sleep-ing in gore— By the bill - ows of— war which so
harp shall be— si - lent, the maid-en un - wed; Our— halls shall be— mute and our
sweet are— the- tears that from ten - der-ness fall, Though sweet are— our- friend-ships, our

wa - ken'd a— tear in, A drop from his— heart-wounds shall weep o'er- her— blade.
oft - en,— high swell-ing, Have waft - ed— these he - roes to vic - to - ry's— shore;
fields shall be- wast - ed, Till ven - geance is— wreak'd on the mur - der - er's— head!
hopes, our— af - fec - tions, Re - venge on— a— ty - rant is sweet - est of— all!

58. Oh, Mary, thy laugh was sweet

Moderato

IRISH

VOICES

mp

1. Oh,— Ma - ry, thy laugh was sweet In the days long— re -
 2. Oh,— Ma - ry, thy laugh was true, No— change or— sur -

PIANO

mp

mem - ber'd. When a fire burns safe, com - plete, There's warmth— in its
 ren - der; Ma - ny fair - er— girls I knew, None like thee— strong and

em - bers. Oh,— Ma - ry, thy voice was clear— As song of the lark or the
 ten - der. Oh,— Ma - ry, thy smile was bright,— A moon thro' the storm - clouds

lin - net, E - ven now, when its tones I hear, There's the old— tune— in— it.
 driv - en, On— earth I shall lose its light; May I find— it in heav - en.

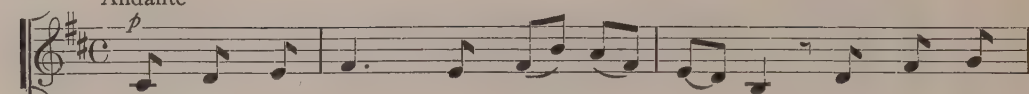
59. My gentle Harp

Thomas Moore
(1779-1852)

The Londonderry Air

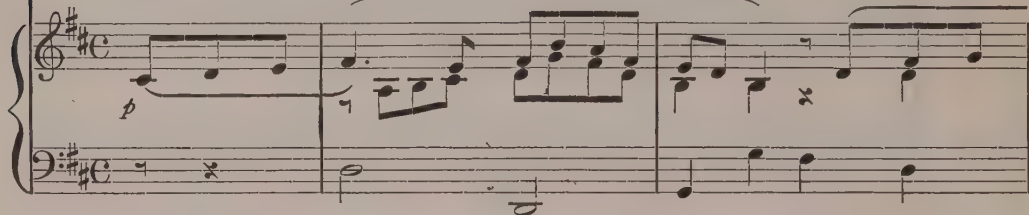
Andante

VOICES



1. My gen - tle Harp, once more I — wak - en The sweet - ness
2. Then who can ask for notes of — pleas - ure, My droop - ing

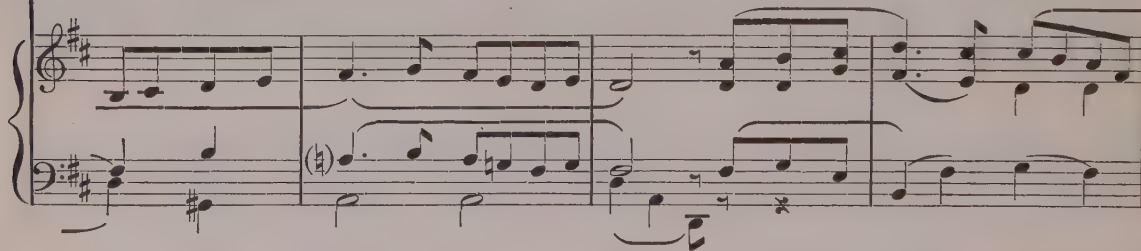
PIANO



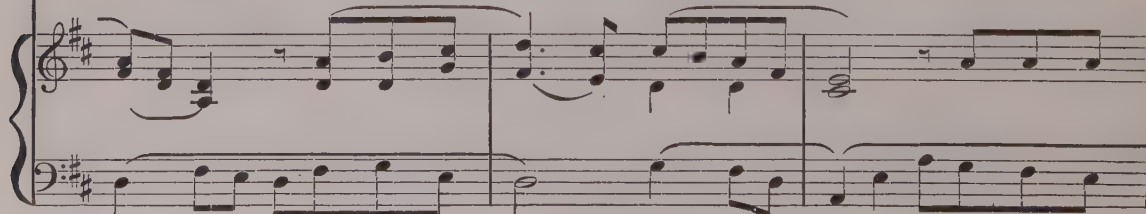
of thy slumb - 'ring strain; In tears our last fare - well - was - tak - en,
Harp, from chords like thine? A - las, the lark's gay morn - ing - measure



And now in tears we meet a - gain. Yet, e - ven then, while Peace was -
As ill would suit the swan's de - cline! But come, if yet thy frame can -



sing - ing Her hal - cyon song o'er land - and - sea, Though joy and
bor - row One breath of joy, oh, breathe for - me, And show the



hope to oth - ers— bring-ing, She on - ly brought new- tears to— thee.—
world in chains and sor - row How sweet thy mu - sic— still can be.—

60. Song of Lorraine

English version by
L. d'O. Warner

FRENCH

Vivace

VOICES *mf*

1. In Lor - raine as we are dan - cing, I and my sa -
2. Scorn - ful - ly at me they're glan - cing, And at my sa -
3. Why should they be proud - ly glan - cing At my old sa -

PIANO *mf*

*bots,** — Cap - tains three I see ad - vanc - ing, I }
bots. — Cap - tains three I see ad - vanc - ing, I } and my sa - bots en -
bots ? — Since the King found me en - tranc - ing, Me }

tranc - ing, Ho, ho, ho! — { I and my sa - bots.
I and my sa - bots.
Me and my sa - bots.

* The *ots* of *sabots* is pronounced as *o* in the word *low*; the final *s* is not sounded except when followed by a vowel: "sabots entrancing."
Sabots are the wooden shoes worn by the peasants in many parts of northern Europe.

61. The Miracle of St. Nicholas

English version by
L. d'O. Warner

FRENCH

VOICES *Moderato* *mp*

1. Three lit - tle lads, one sun - ny day, Glean in the fields, sing - ing at
 (2.) in, that wick - ed man, Slays them all three, fast as he
 (3.) by, and sev'n years past, Out in the fields, Saint Nich - o -
 (4.) keep there in your brine Pork I would eat, sea - son'd and

PIANO *mp*

play. Now they are near a butch - er's shop, And wea - ry feel and wish to
 can. Toss - es them in his tubs of brine; "Lit - tle pigs make a din - ner
 las Fol - lows the glean - ers to the shop; "Butch - er, to - night with thee I'd
 fine." Quick - ly the butch - er turns in fright; Saint Nich - o - las would stay his

stop. The butch - er begs them to come in. 2. When they are
 fine." The butch - er licks his lips in glee. 3. Win - ter goes
 stop." The butch - er begs him to come in. 4. "Butch - er, you
 flight: "God par - dons those who do re

pent." 5. Saint Nich - o - las, bow - ing his head, Wa - kens the lads who long were

dead. "I slept so peace-ful - ly!" one cries; One says: "I, too!" the third re -

plies: "I thought I lay in Par - a - - dise."

62. There was a little maiden

Allegretto

FRENCH

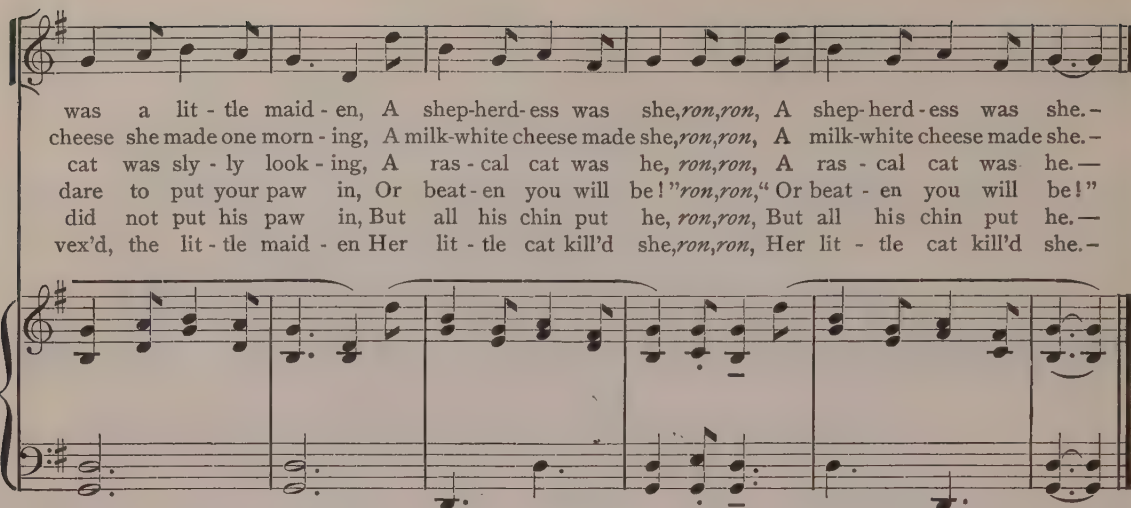
VOICES *mp*

1. There was a lit - tle maid - en,
 2. A cheese she made one morn - ing,
 3. Her cat was sly - ly look - ing,
 4. "Don't dare to put your paw in,"
 5. He did not put his paw in,
 6. So, vex'd, the lit - tle maid - en,

Et ron, ron, ron, pe - tit pa - ta - pon!

There
 A
 Her
 "Don't
 He
 So,

PIANO *mp*



was a lit - tle maid - en, A shep-herd-ess was she, *ron, ron*, A shep-herd-ess was she -
 cheese she made one morn - ing, A milk-white cheese made she, *ron, ron*, A milk-white cheese made she -
 cat was sly - ly look - ing, A ras - cal cat was he, *ron, ron*, A ras - cal cat was he -
 dare to put your paw in, Or beat - en you will be! "*ron, ron*," Or beat - en you will be!"
 did not put his paw in, But all his chin put he, *ron, ron*, But all his chin put he -
 vex'd, the lit - tle maid - en Her lit - tle cat kill'd she, *ron, ron*, Her lit - tle cat kill'd she -

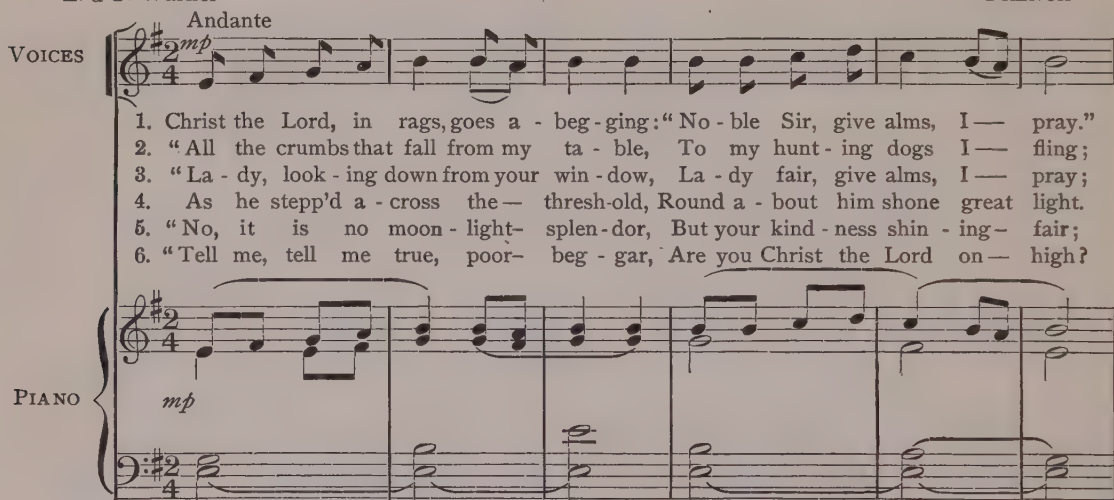
63. The Parable of the Sinful Rich Man

English version by
L. d'O. Warner

FRENCH

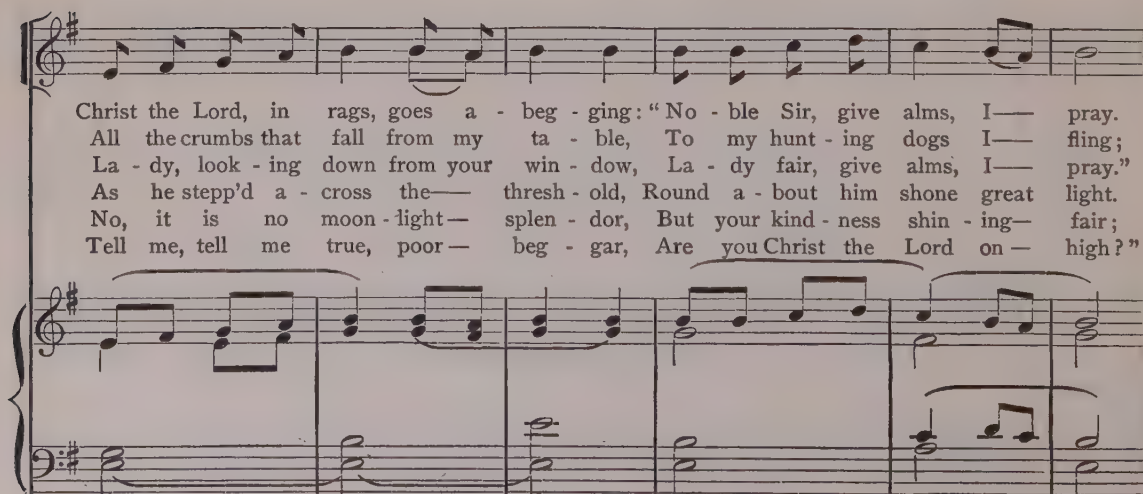
Andante

VOICES *mp*



1. Christ the Lord, in rags, goes a - beg - ging: "No - ble Sir, give alms, I — pray."
 2. "All the crumbs that fall from my ta - ble, To my hunt - ing dogs I — fling;
 3. "La - dy, look - ing down from your win - dow, La - dy fair, give alms, I — pray;
 4. As he stepp'd a - cross the — thresh - old, Round a - bout him shone great light.
 5. "No, it is no moon - light - splen - dor, But your kind - ness shin - ing - fair;
 6. "Tell me, tell me true, poor - beg - gar, Are you Christ the Lord on - high?"

PIANO *mp*



Christ the Lord, in rags, goes a - beg - ging: "No - ble Sir, give alms, I — pray.
 All the crumbs that fall from my ta - ble, To my hunt - ing dogs I — fling;
 La - dy, look - ing down from your win - dow, La - dy fair, give alms, I — pray."
 As he stepp'd a - cross the — thresh - old, Round a - bout him shone great light.
 No, it is no moon - light - splen - dor, But your kind - ness shin - ing - fair;
 Tell me, tell me true, poor - beg - gar, Are you Christ the Lord on - high?"

Of the crumbs that fall from your ta - - ble, I can make a meal to - day."
 Dai - ly they bring hares and - pheas - ants, Noth - ing for my pleas - ure you bring."
 "See the door is wide, poor - beg - - gar; Here's a meal for you to - day."
 "Tell me, tell me true, poor - beg - - gar, Is the moon a - ris - en to - night?"
 Your good works, my gen - tle - la - - dy, Bloss - om sweet - ly ev - 'ry - where."
 "Trem - ble not, my gen - tle - la - - dy, King of Par - a - dise am - I."

64. March of the Kings

English version by
Katherine Davis

PROVENCE

Tempo di marcia

VOICES

1. On their way— I met at break of day— The three great
 2. On their way— I met at break of day— The three great

PIANO

mf

kings and all their court - iers march - ing; On their way— I met at break of
 kings in all their splen - dor glow - ing; On their way— I met at break of

day— The three great kings who came from far a - way. Their pa - ges bold, bear - ing gifts un -
 day— The three great kings who came from far a - way. They sought a Child and a Moth - er

told — Of price - less worth, in their pride were ad - vanc - ing, Their pa - ges
mild — With - in a shed where the cat - tle were low - ing, They sought a

bold, bear - ing gifts un - told, Of three great kings who came from far a - way.
Child and a Moth - er mild, These three great kings who came from far a - way.

65. Good-night

English version by
L. d' O. Warner
Moderato

GERMAN

1. Good - night, good-night, be - lov - ed — mine, Good-night, sleep well, my
2. In the woods there sings a night - in - gale With liq - uid moon - lit

(1.) May
(2.) The

dear. Good - night, good-night, be - lov - ed — mine, Good-night, sleep well, my dear.
tone, In the woods there sings a night - in - gale With liq - uid moon - lit tone.

cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim Watch o - ver you and hov - er near.
 moon has seen your si - lent room Whence joy and laugh - ter now have flown.

May cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim Watch o - ver, o - ver you.
 The moon has seen your si - lent room Whence joys have flown, have flown.

(1.) May cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim Watch o - ver you.
 (2.) The moon has seen your si - lent room Whence joys have flown.

Good - night, good - night, be - lov - ed—mine, Good - night, sleep well, my dear.
 The— moon has— seen you slum - b'ring there, But— I go forth a - lone.

66. The mansion we builded

English version by
 L. d'O. Warner

GERMAN

Allegro, ma non troppo

VOICES

1. The man - sion we build - ed Is staunch in the gale. Our trust is in the
 2. As sun fol - lows thun - der Let faith ban - ish fear; Nor Death nor Time nor

PIANO

High - est, And naught else can pre - vail; Our trust is in the High - est, And naught else can pre - vail.
 E - vil Can ev - er - en - ter here; Nor Death nor Time nor E - vil Can ev - er - en - ter here.

67. Prayer of Thanksgiving

English version by
Dr. Theodore Baker

NETHERLANDS

Moderato

VOICES

PIANO

p

* (*pp*) 1. We
(*p*) 2. Be -
(*mf*) 3. We

gath - er to - geth - er to ask the Lord's bless - ing, He chas - tens and - hast - ens His
side us to guide us, our God with us join - ing, Or - dain - ing, main - tain - ing His
all do ex - tol Thee, Thou lead - er in bat - tle, And pray that Thou still our De -

will to make known; The wick - ed op - press - ing, cease them from dis - tress - ing, Sing
King - dom di - vine, So from the be - gin - ning the fight - we were win - ning; Thou,
fen - der wilt be. Let Thy con - gre - ga - tion es - cape - trib - u - la - tion: Thy

After 1st & 2nd verses After 3rd verse

prais - es to His name, — He for - gets not His own,
Lord, — wast at our side, — the glo - ry be Thine.
name — be ev - er prais'd! — O — Lord, make us free!

Ped.

* A fine effect can be made by singing the first verse *pp*, the second louder, and the third rising from a *mf* to *ff*.

SOPRANO and ALTO

*cresc.*Lord,
TENOR and BASSmake
cresc.

us

*f**f**f**Ped.**Ped.**Ped.**ff*

free!

*ff**ff**Ped.*

68. Mother Volga

KATHERINE DAVIS

mf Allegretto

RUSSIAN

VOICES

1. O'er— thy wa - ters dark - ly flow - ing, Vol - - - ga,
 2. Though thy waves— their crests— are rear - ing, Vol - - - ga,
 3. Through the spray— she comes — a - swing - ing, Vol - - - ga,
 4. Thanks to thee, — O Moth - er, stern, — Vol - - - ga,

PIANO

mf

Black with storm a bit - ter - wind is - blow - - ing. Hey!
 One small boat is - in - ward - brave - ly - steer - - ing. Hey!
 Sail - ors strong and - stur - dy - home - ward - bring - - ing. Hey!
 Thou dost grant our - sail - ors - safe re - turn - - ing. Hey!

69. Song of the Volga Boatmen*

English version by A. D. Z.

RUSSIAN

Andante
mf

VOICES

Yo, heave, ho! Yo, heave, ho! Pull to - geth - er, Yo, heave, ho!

PIANO
mf

Yon - der birch - es - on the shore, We must reach them, pull, men, more!

Ai da da ai da, Ai da da ai da, Pull to - geth - er, Yo, heave, ho!

* This piece may be effectively performed by two groups of singers, the second group beginning the melody when the first group is singing the third beat of the first measure.

Yo, heave, ho! yo, - heave, ho! Pull to - geth - er, Yo, heave ho! —

70. My Sun

(O Sole Mio)

English version by
Mrs. Bertram Shapleigh

E. di Capua

Andante non troppo

PIANO *mp*

col Pedale

mf

1. Be-hold the bril - liant sun in all its splen - dor,
2. Be-hold the ra - diant sun 'mid eve-ning shad - ows, -

— For - got - ten is the storm — the clouds now van - ish. — The fresh -'ning
— With gold - en light it cov - ers all cre - a - tion, — Un - til it

breezes heav-y airs will ban-ish; — Be-hold the bril-liant sun in
sinks be-low the world's foun-da-tion; — Be-hold the ra-diant sun 'mid

all its splen-dor! — } A sun I know of, — that's bright-er
eve-ning shad-ows! — }

yet, — This sun, my dear-est, — 'Tis naught but thee, — Thy face, —

— so fair to see, — That now my sun — shall ev-er be! —

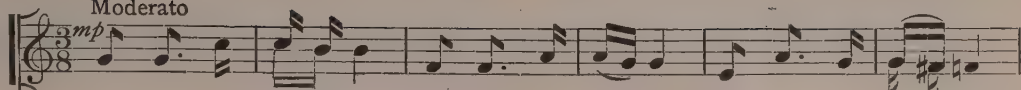
71. Santa Lucia

Anonymous

NEAPOLITAN

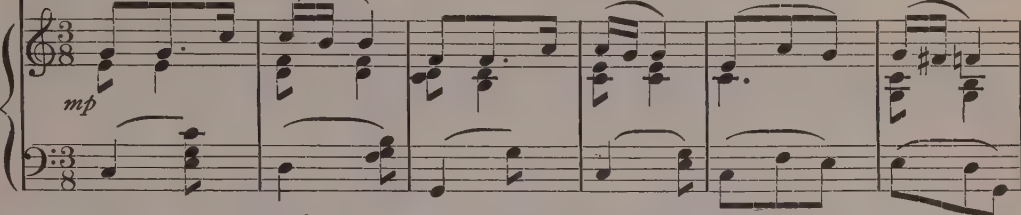
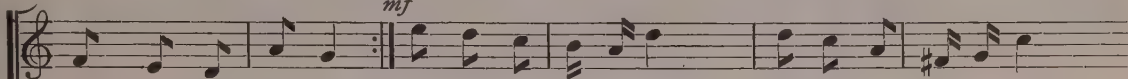
Moderato

VOICES



1. { Now 'neath the sil-ver moon O - cean is glow-ing, O'er the calm bil - low
Here balm - y zeph-yrs blow, Pure joys in - vite-us, And as we gen-tly row,
2. { When o'er thy wa - ters Light winds are play-ing, Thy spell can soothe us,
To thee, sweet Na-po - li, What charms are giv - en, Where smiles cre - a - tion,

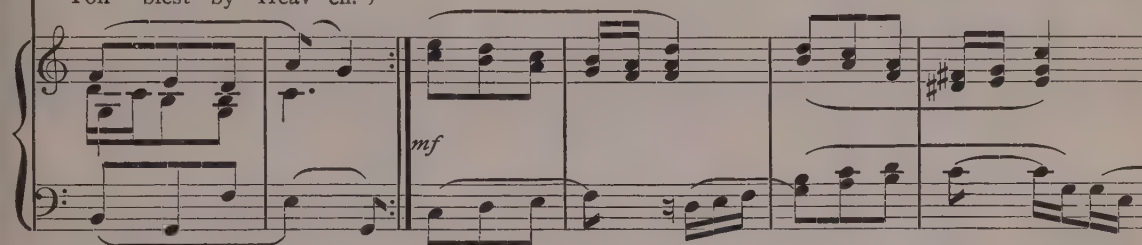
PIANO

*mf*

Soft winds are blow-ing.
All things de - light us.
All care al - lay-ing.
Toil blest by Heav-en.

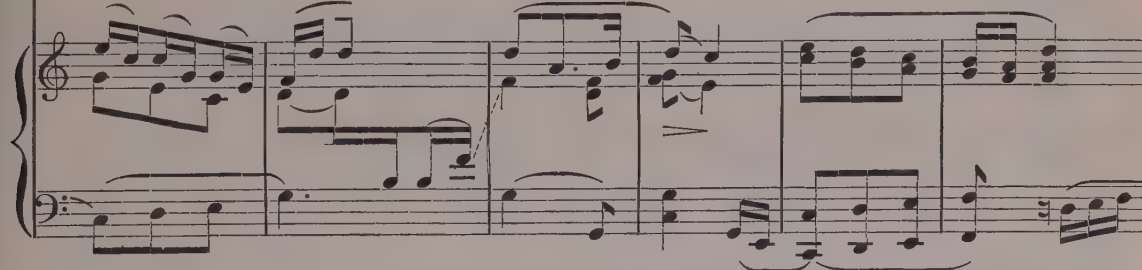
Hark, how the sail-ors' cry

Joy-ous - ly ech-oes nigh:

*mf*

"San - ta - Lu - ci - a!

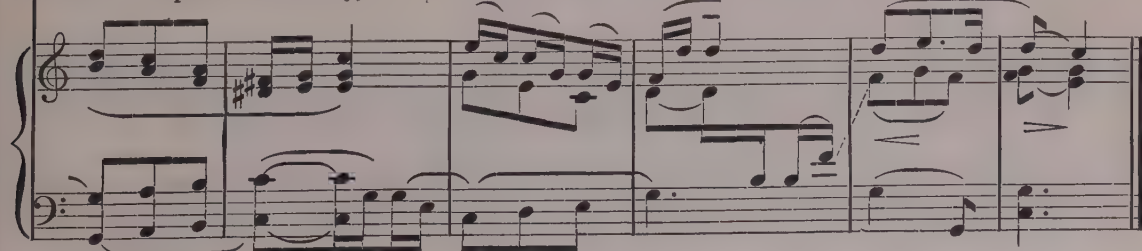
San - ta Lu - ci - a!" Home of fair 'po - e - sy,



Realm of pure har-mo - ny,

San - ta - Lu - ci - a,

San - ta Lu - ci - a!



72. Funiculi, funicula!

Edward Oxenford

Luigi Denza

Allegro

PIANO

p grazioso

pp cresc.

f dim. p

SOLO

f

1. Some think _____ the world is
 2. Some think _____ it wrong to
 3. Ah, me! _____ 'tis strange that

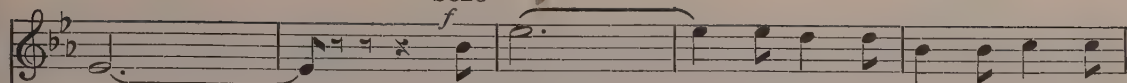
mf

f CHORUS

made for fun and frolic, — And so do I! — And so do
 set the feet a-dancing, — But not so I! — But not so
 some should take to sighing, — And like it well! — And like it

f

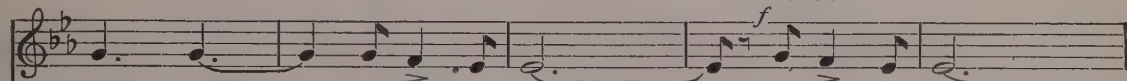
SOLO

f

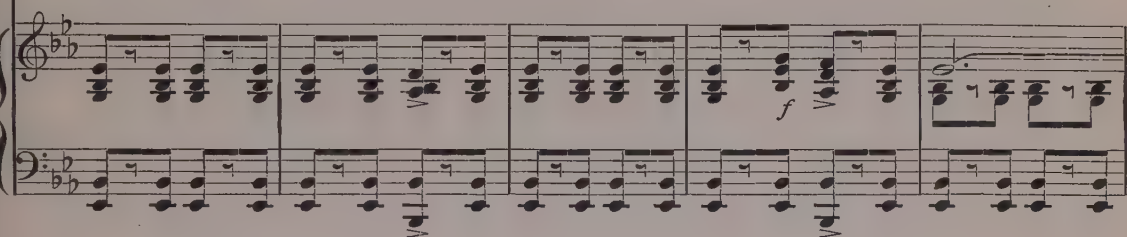
I! _____ Some think _____ it well to be all mel - an -
 I! _____ Some think _____ that eyes should keep from coy - ly
 well! _____ For me, _____ I have not thought it worth the



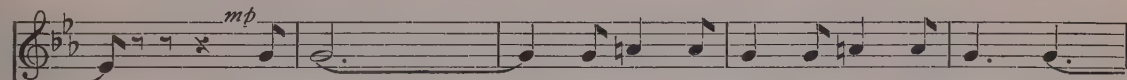
CHORUS

f

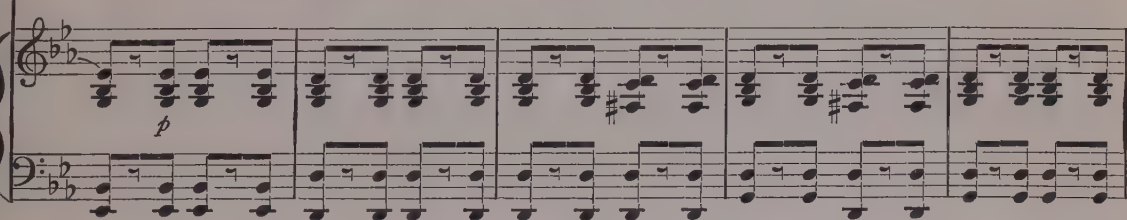
chol - ic, _____ To pine and sigh, _____ To pine and sigh;
 glanc - ing _____ Up - on the sly! _____ Up - on the sly!
 try - ing, _____ So can - not tell! _____ So can - not tell!



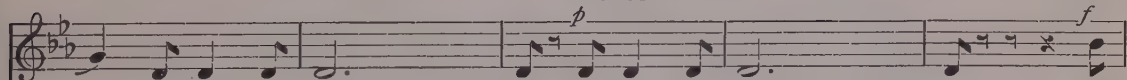
SOLO

mp

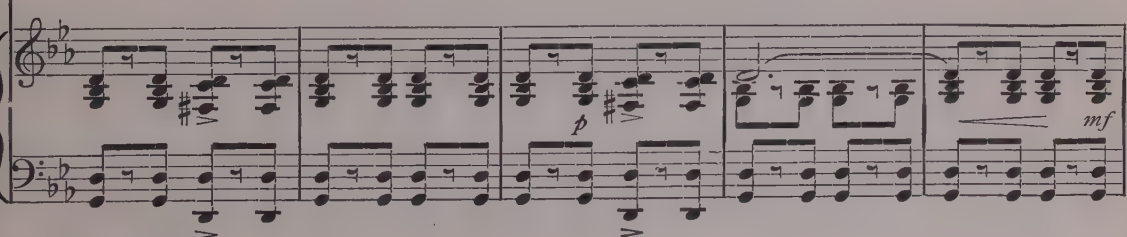
— But I, _____ I love to spend my time in sing - ing —
 — But, oh! _____ to me the ma - zy dance is charm - ing, —
 — With laugh _____ and dance and song the day soon pass - es, —



CHORUS

p

— Some joy - ous song, _____ Some joy - ous song; _____ To
 — Di - vine - ly sweet! _____ Di - vine - ly sweet! _____ And
 — Full soon is gone; _____ Full soon is gone; _____ For



set the air with mu - sic brave - ly ring - ing Is far from
 sure - - - ly there is nought that is a - larm - ing In nim - ble
 mirth was made for joy - ous lads and lass - es To call their

CHORUS

SOLO

wrong! Is far from wrong! Lis - ten!
 feet? In nim - ble feet? Lis - ten!
 own! To call their own! Lis - ten!

Lis - ten! Ech - oes sound a - far!
 Lis - ten! Mu - sic sounds a - far!
 Lis - ten! Hark! the soft gui - tar!

Lis - ten! Lis - ten!

pp cresc.

Ech - oes sound a - far! Fu - ni - cu - li, fu - ni - cu - la, fu - ni - cu - li, fu - ni - cu -

pp cresc.

CHORUS

f ten. *f*

la! Ech - oessound a - far! Fu - ni - cu - li, fu - ni - cu - la! Lis - ten!

f ten. *mf* *f*

Lis - ten! Ech - oessound a - far! — Lis - ten! Lis - ten!

p cresc. *f ten.* *f*

Ech - oessound a - far! Fu - ni - cu - li, fu - ni - cu - la, fu - ni - cu - li, fu - ni - cu - la!

p cresc. *f ten.* *f*

Ech - oessound a - far! Fu - ni - cu - li, fu - ni - cu - la! — la!

f *p*

1 *D.S.* 2

73. A Mighty Ship

Katherine Davis

NORWEGIAN

Moderato

VOICES

1. A might - y ship was the Gun - dre - mar, Proud - ly
 2. All dark the night and wild the storm, Wa - ters
 3. A ghost - ly ship is the Gun - dre - mar, Ev - er

PIANO

sail - ing, proud - ly sail - ing; O'er win - ter wave she ad - ven - tured far, North - ward
 churn - ing, wa - ters churn - ing; Full brave the ship on the roll - ing sea, Dan - ger
 sail - ing, ev - er sail - ing; O'er win - ter skies she ad - ven - tures far, North - ward

hail - ing, north - ward hail - ing. Through crash of storm and the tem - pest's roar, A -
 spurn - ing, dan - ger spurn - ing. Loud crash of rock on a shat - ter'd prow, And
 hail - ing, north - ward hail - ing. No shad - ow falls on the sil - ver night, As

plung - ing on to find a dis - tant shore, Proud - ly sail - ing, proud - ly sail - ing.
 down be - neath the wave a ship shall bow, Un - re - turn - ing, un - re - turn - ing.
 down the moon - lit way she takes her flight, Ev - er sail - ing, ev - er sail - ing.

74. Night Song

W. D. T.

SWEDISH

Allegretto

p

Gent - ly the breez - es blow thro' the for - est; Birds' voic - es call - ing; still is the night.

p

Wa - ters be - neath them gleam - ing in moon - light Send back their an - swers danc - ing in light.

mf

My dear - est heart, Oh, heark - en to me! Thou art a - far, my soul cries to thee.

mf

No an - swer comes from for - est or stream - let; Ech - o but mocks at me.

75. Glory to God

Vivo, non troppo allegro

Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina
(1526-1594)SOPRANO
ALTO

f

Glo - ry to God and un - to His Son! Glo - ry to God and un - to His Son!

TENOR
BASS

f

Glo - ry to God and un - to His Son! Glo - ry to God and un - to His Son!

PIANO
(For re -
hearsal
only)

Vivo, non troppo allegro

f

Glo-ry to God and un-to His Son! Glo-ry to God and un-to His Son! And un-

Glo-ry to God and un-to His Son! Glo-ry to God and un-to His Son! And un-

And un - to the Ho-ly Ghost! —

to—the Ho - ly Ghost, un - to—the Ho - - - ly Ghost! And un - to—the un-to the Ho - ly Ghost!

to—the Ho - ly Ghost, un - to the Ho - - - ly Ghost! And un - to—the

Ho - - ly Ghost! And un - to—the Ho - - ly Ghost! A - men.

Ho - ly Ghost! And un - to—the Ho - ly Ghost! A - men.

76. Lo, how a rose e'er blooming

English version by
Dr. Theodore Baker16th Century Melody
Harmonized by Michael Praetorius
(1571-1621)

SOPRANO ALTO

Moderato
p dolce tranquillo

(1.) From ten - der stem — hath sprung!
(2.) The Rose I have — in mind,

1. Lo, how a Rose e'er bloom - ing From ten - der stem hath sprung!
2. I - sa - iah 'twas fore - told it, The Rose — I have in mind,

TENOR BASS

p dolce tranquillo

(1.) From ten - der stem — hath sprung!
(2.) The Rose I have — in mind,

1. Lo, how a Rose e'er bloom - ing From ten - der stem hath sprung!
2. I - sa - iah 'twas fore - told it, The Rose I have in mind,

PIANO
(For rehearsal only)

Moderato

p dolce tranquillo

pp

rit. e dim.

(1.) As men of old — have sung.
(2.) The Vir - gin Moth - er kind.

Of Jes - se's lin - eage com - ing As men — of old have sung. It came, a
With Ma - ry we be - hold it, The Vir - gin Moth - er kind. To shew God's

p a tempo

mf a tempo

rit. e dim.

(1.) As men of old — have sung.
(2.) The Vir - gin Moth - er kind.

Of Jes - se's lin - eage com - ing As men of old have sung. It came, a
With Ma - ry we be - hold it, The Vir - gin Moth - er kind. To shew God's

p a tempo

mf a tempo

a tempo

p

pp

rit.

dim.

a tempo

mf

rit. e dim.

When half-spent was the night.

p *pp*

flow'r-et bright, — A-mid the cold of win-ter, } When half-spent was the night.
 love a-right — She bore to men a Sav-iour, }

rit. e dim. *pp*

flow'r-et bright, A-mid the cold of win-ter, } When half-spent was the night.
 love a-right She bore to men a Sav-iour, }

f *p* *rit.* *dim.* *pp*

77. Since first I saw your face

Thomas Ford
(1580-1648)

Moderato
mp

1. Since first I saw your face, I re-solv'd To hon-or and re-
 2. The sun, whose beams most glo-ri-ous are, Re-ject-eth no be-

mp

noun—you; If now I be dis-dain'd, I-wish my heart had nev-er known you.
 hold-er; And your sweet beau-ty, past com-pare, made my poor eyes the bold-er.

What, I that lov'd, and you that lik'd, Shall we be-gin to wran-gle?
 Where beau-ty moves, and wit de-lights, And signs of kind-ness bind me,

- (1.) What, I that lov'd, and you that lik'd, Shall we be-gin to wran-gle?
 (2.) Where beau-ty moves, and wit de-lights, And signs of kind-ness bind me,

- (1.) No, no, no! my heart is fast
 (2.) There, O there! wher-e'er I go,

No, no, no, no, no! my heart is fast And can - not dis - en - tan - gle.
 There, O there! O there! wher - e'er I go, I leave my heart be - hind me.

78. Ye watchers and ye holy ones

17th Century German Melody
 Arranged by A. T. D.

SOPRANO ALTO *Moderato* *p*
 Ye watchers and ye ho - ly

TENOR BASS *p*
 Ye

PIANO *Moderato* *rit.* *a tempo* *p*

ones, Bright ser - aphs, cher - u - bim and thrones, Raise the

watch - ers and ye ho - ly ones, Bright ser - aphs, cher - u - bim and

glad strain, Al - le - lu - ia! *mf* Cry out, do - min - ions, princedoms, pow'rs, Vir -
 thrones, Al - le - lu - ia! *mf* Cry out, do - min - ions, princedoms,

tues, arch - an - gels, an - gel choirs, Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le -
 pow'rs, Vir - tues, arch - an - gels, Al - le - lu - ia!

lu - ia! *p* Al - le - lu - ia! *pp* Re - spond, ye souls in end - less
 Al - le - lu - ia! *p* Al - le - lu - ia! *pp* Re - spond, ye souls in end - less

rest, Ye pa - tri - archs and proph - ets blest,

rest, Ye pa - tri - archs and proph - ets blest, Al - le -

l.h.

Ped. *

Ped.

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Ye ho - ly Twelve, ye mar - tyrs

lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Ye ho - ly Twelve, ye mar - tyrs

mf

mf

Ped. *

strong, All saints tri - um-phant, raise the song, Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le -

strong, — All saints tri - um-phant, raise the song, — Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le -

p

p

lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - - ia! ———

lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - - ia! ———

pp *l.h.* *Ped.*

f O high - er than the cher - u - bim, More glo - rious than the ser - a -

f O high - er than the cher - u - bim, More glo - rious than the ser - a -

phim, Lead their prais - es, Al - le - lu - ia! Thou bear - er of the e - ter - nal

phim, Lead their prais - es, Al - le - lu - ia! Thou bear - er of the e - ter - nal

ff

Word, Most gra-cious, mag-ni-fy the Lord. Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-

Word, Most gra-cious, mag-ni-fy the Lord. Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-

Poco più lento
ff

lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! A-

lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! A-

Poco più lento
ff

Ped.

a tempo
men.

a tempo
men.
rit.
a tempo
r.h.
Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

79. Where'er you walk

From "Semele"

William Congreve
(1670-1729)Georg Friedrich Händel
(1685-1759)

Andante con moto

SOLO

VOICE

PIANO

Wher - e'er you - walk, — cool

gales shall fan the glade, Trees, where you sit, — shall crowd in - to a

shade, Trees, where you sit, shall crowd in - to — a shade.

Wher - e'er you walk, — cool gales shall fan the

(a tempo)

glade, *mp* Trees, where you sit, *mf* shall crowd in - to a—

shade, *p* *mp* *mf* *f* Trees, where you sit, shall

poco rall. *a tempo* crowd, shall crowd in - to — a shade.

poco rall. *a tempo* *mf* *f risoluto*

(poco rit.) *Fine p a tempo* Where- 'er you tread, — the blush - ing flow'rs shall

poco rit. *Fine* *a tempo* *p*

rise, — And all things flour-ish, and all things flour-ish where-

'er you turn your eyes, — where - 'er you turn your eyes, where-'er you turn your eyes.

mf *f* *mf* *rall.* *D.C. al fine*

80. Hallelujah, Amen

From "Judas Maccabæus"

Georg Friedrich Händel
(1685-1759)

Andante maestoso

SOPRANO

ALTO

TENOR

BASS

ORGAN

f Hal - le - lu - jah, A-men,

f Hal - le - lu - jah, A-men,

f Hal - le - lu - jah, A-men, A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men,

Andante maestoso

f

f

Hal-le - lu - jah, A - men, A-men, Hal-le - lu - jah, A -

A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah, — Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le -

A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu -

f

Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, A-men, Hal-le - lu - jah, Hal -

tr

Ped.

men, A - - men, A - - men, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal -

lu - jah, — Hal - le - lu - jah, — Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, A-men,

jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, — Hal - le - lu - jah, — Hal - le - lu - jah,

le - lu - jah, — Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, A-men,

le - - - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah, A -

A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men,

Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah, A -

A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men,

ff men; O Ju - dah, re - joice, re - joice! ——— Re - joice, ——— O —

ff O Ju - dah, re - joice, re - joice, re - joice! ——— Re - joice, O

ff men; O Ju - dah, re - joice, re - joice! ——— Re - joice, ——— O —

ff O Ju - dah, re - joice, re - joice! ——— Re - joice, ——— O —

ff Ped.

Ju - dah, in songs di - vine, With cher - u - bim and

Ju - dah. in songs di - vine, With cher - u - bim and

Ju - dah, in songs di - vine, With cher - u - bim and

Ju - dah, in songs di - vine,

ser - a - phim har - mo - nious join, With cher - u - bim and

ser - a - phim har - mo - nious join, With cher - u - bim and

ser - a - phim har - mo - nious join, With cher - u - bim and

With cher - u - bim and

ser - a - phim har - mo - nious join. join. Hal-le - lu - jah, A-men,

ser - a - phim har - mo - nious join. join, har - mo - nious

ser - a - phim har - mo - nious join. join. Hal-le - lu - jah, A-men,

ser - a - phim har - mo - nious join. join, har - mo - nious

A-men, Hal-le - lu - jah, A - men, and in. songs di - - -

join, Hal - le - lu - jah, and in songs di - - -

A-men, Hal-le - lu - jah, A - men, and in songs di - - -

- - - nious join, and in songs di - - -

* This repetition does not occur in the original, and may be ignored.

vine, har - mo - nious join, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men,

vine, har - mo - - nious join, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men,

vine, har - mo - - nious join, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men,

vine, har - mo - - nious join, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men,

A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, A -

A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, A -

A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, A -

A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, A -

fff Adagio

men, A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - - - men. *fff*

men, A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - - - men. *fff*

men, A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - - - men. *fff*

men, A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - - - men. *fff*

Adagio

81. Passing by

Attributed to Robert Herrick
Andante con moto
SOLO

Edward Purcell
(1689-1740)

VOICE

1. There is a la - dy sweet and kind, Was nev - er face so pleas'd my
2. Her ges - tures, mo - tions, and her smile, Her wit, — her voice, my heart - be -
3. Cu - pid is wing - ed and doth range Her coun - try, va - grant hearts to

PIANO

mind, I did but see her pass - ing by, And yet I love her till I die.
guile, Be - guile my heart, I know not why, And yet I love her till I die.
change, But change the earth, or change the sky, Yet will I love her till I die.

82. The heavens are telling

From "The Creation"

Psalm xix: 1, 2, 3, 4
(Paraphrase)

Franz Josef Haydn
(1732-1809)

Allegro

SOPRANO *f* The heav - ens are tell - ing the glo - ry of God, —

ALTO *f* The heav - ens are tell - ing the glo - ry of God,

TENOR *f* The heav - ens are tell - ing the glo - ry of God, —

BASS *f* The heav - ens are tell - ing the glo - ry of God,

PIANO *f* *Allegro* *mf*

The won - der of His work dis -

The won - der of His work dis -

The won - der of His work dis -

The won - der of His work dis -

f *sfz*

plays the fir - ma - ment; The won - der of His

plays the fir - ma - ment; The won - der of His

plays the fir - ma - ment; The won - der of His

plays the fir - ma - ment; The won - der of His

sfz

work dis - plays the fir - ma - ment.

work dis - plays the fir - ma - ment.

work dis - plays the fir - ma - ment.

work dis - plays the fir - ma - ment.

SOPRANO SOLO

TENOR SOLO

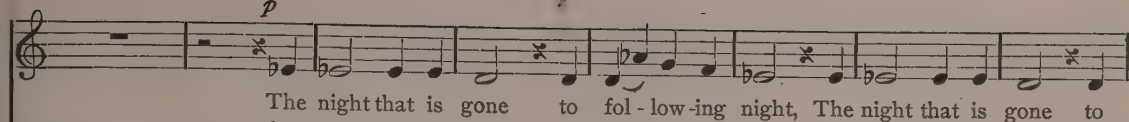
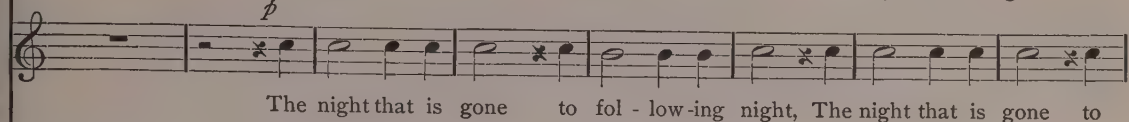
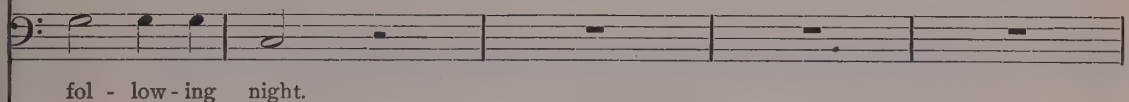
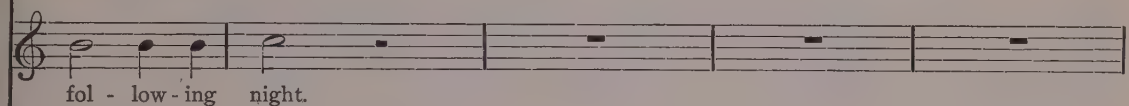
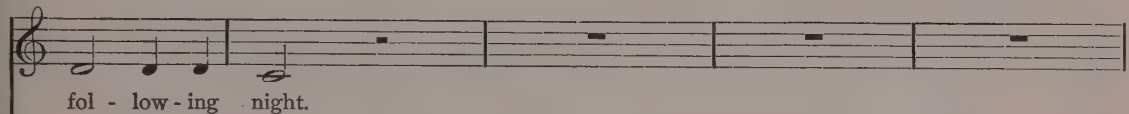
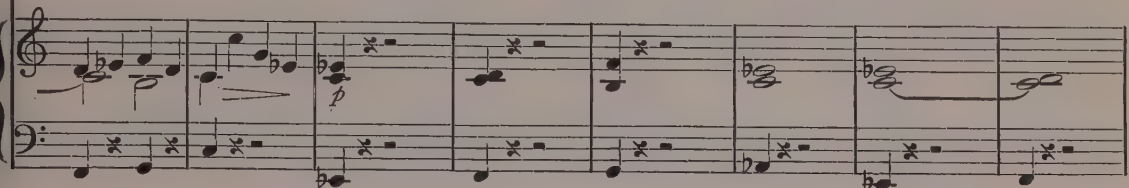
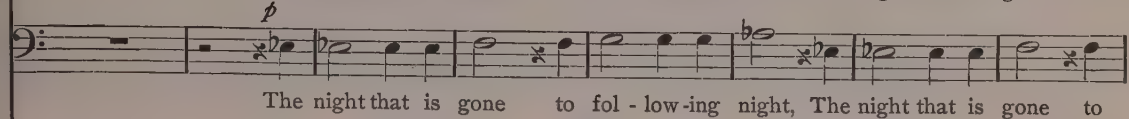
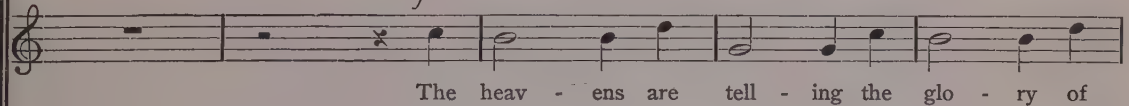
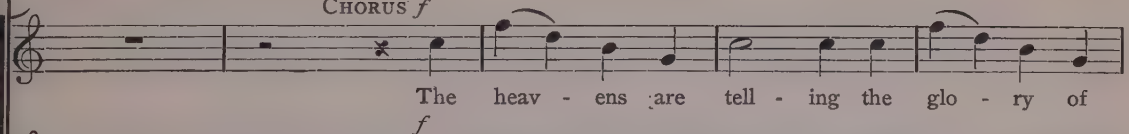
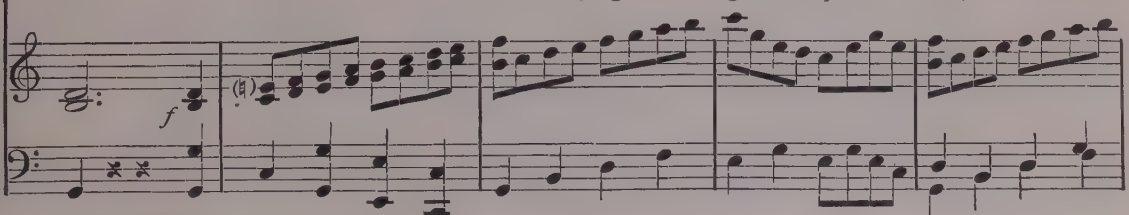
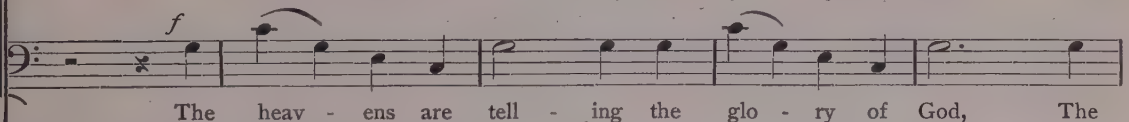
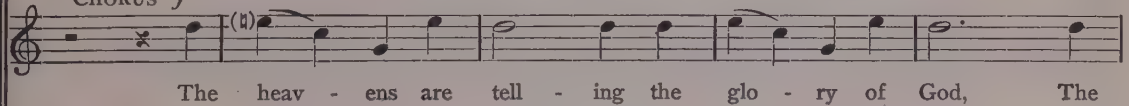
BASS SOLO

To day that is com - ing speaks it the day:

To day that is com - ing speaks it the day:

To day that is com - ing speaks it the day:

To day that is com - ing speaks it the day:

p*p**p*CHORUS *f*CHORUS *f*

God, The won - der of His work, The won - der of His work dis -

God, The won - der of His work dis - plays, dis -

won - der, The won - der of His work dis - plays, dis -

won - der, The won - der of His work, The won - der of His work dis -

sfz

plays the fir - ma - ment, The won - der of His

plays the fir - ma - ment, The won - der of His work dis -

plays the fir - ma - ment, The won - der of His work dis -

plays the fir - ma - ment, The won - der of His

sfz

work dis - plays the fir - ma - ment.

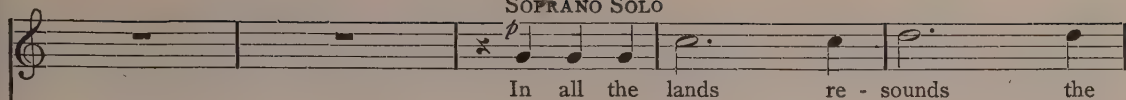
plays, dis - plays the fir - ma - ment.

plays, dis - - plays the fir - ma - ment.

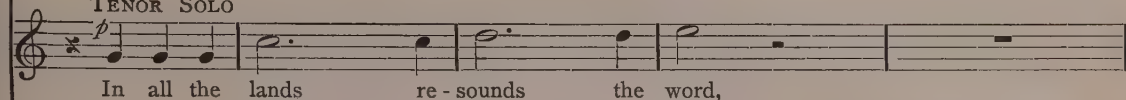
work dis - plays the fir - ma - ment.

p

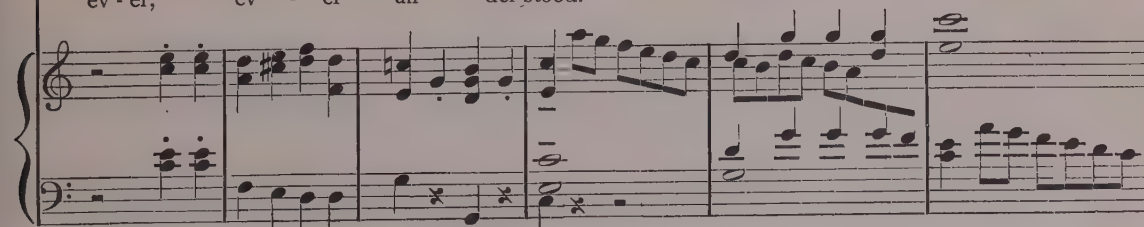
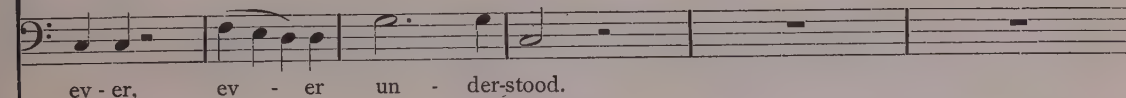
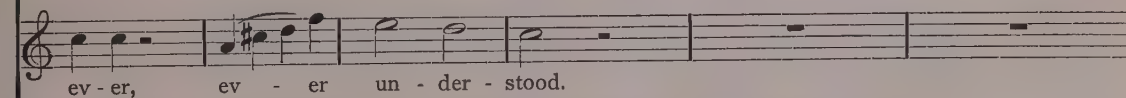
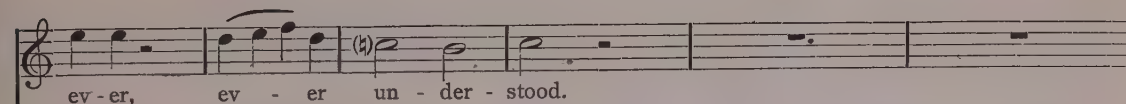
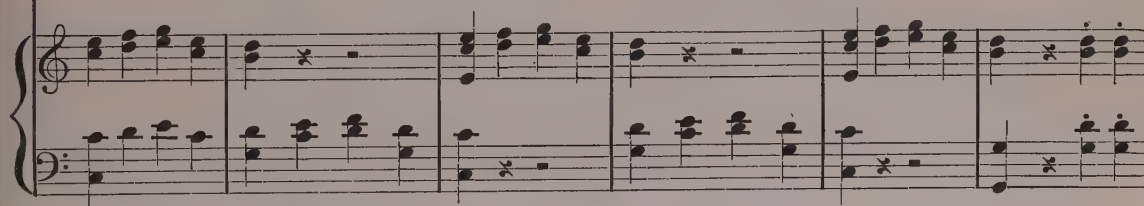
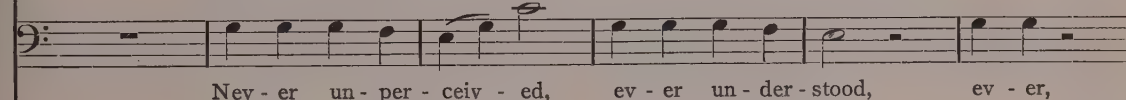
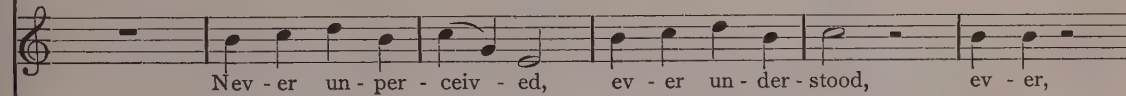
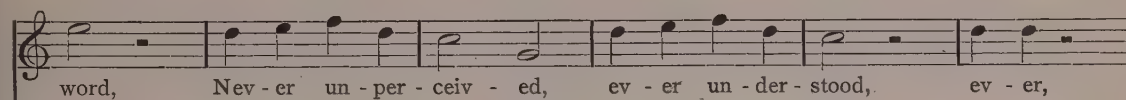
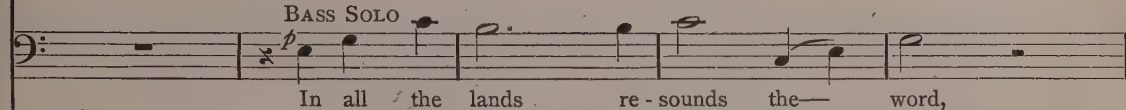
SOPRANO SOLO



TENOR SOLO



BASS SOLO



In all the lands re - sounds the

In all the lands re - sounds the word,

In all the lands re - sounds the— word,

word, Nev - er un - per - ceiv - ed, ev - er un - der - stood,

Nev - er un - per - ceiv - ed, ev - er un - der - stood,

Nev - er un - per - ceiv - ed, ev - er un - der - stood,

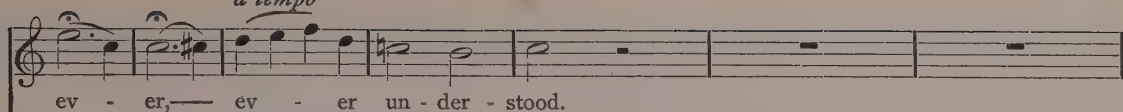
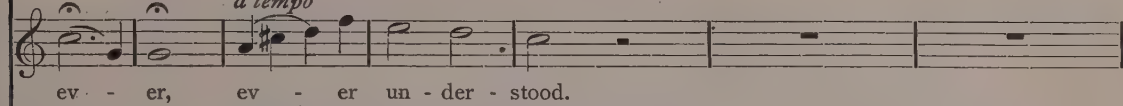
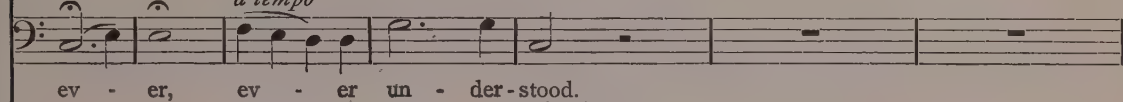
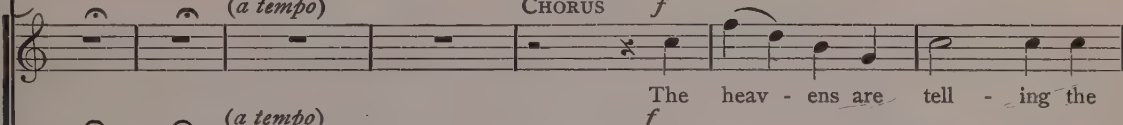
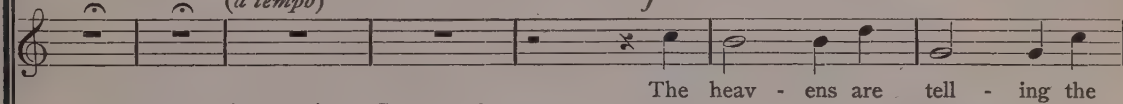
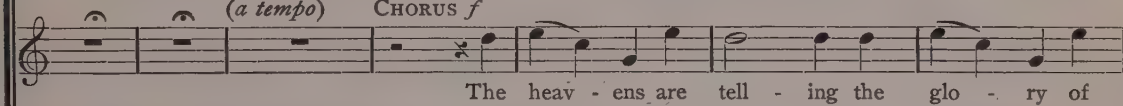
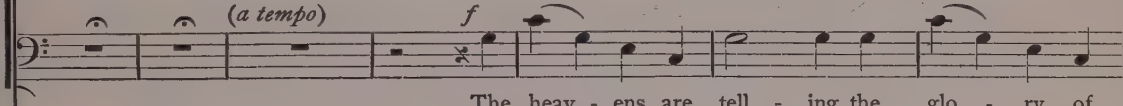
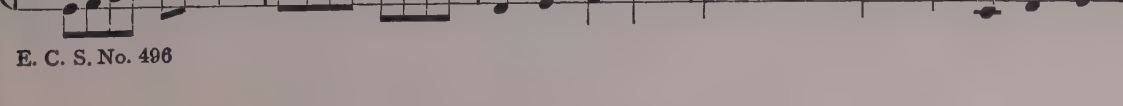
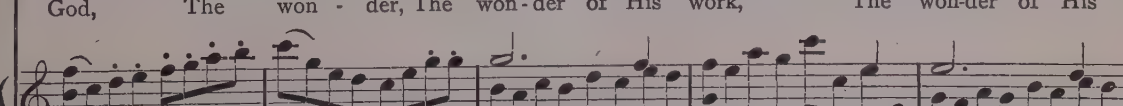
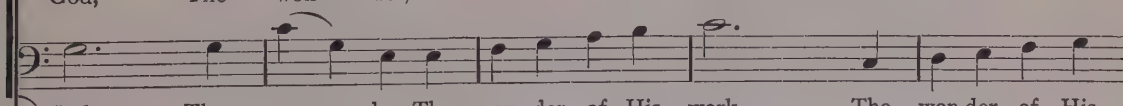
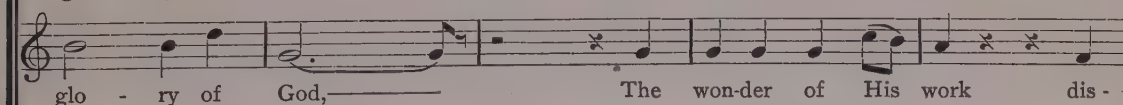
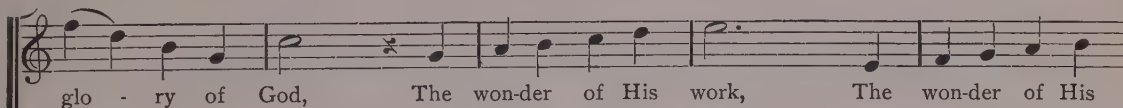
tr

ev - er, ev - er, ev - er un - der - stood, *f* ev - er, ev - er,

ev - er, ev - er, ev - er un - der - stood, *f* ev - er, ev - er,

ev - er, ev - er, ev - er un - der - stood, *f* ev - er, ev - er,

f

a tempo*a tempo**a tempo**(a tempo)**Più allegro*
CHORUS *f**(a tempo)**(a tempo)*CHORUS *f**(a tempo)**a tempo**Più allegro*

work dis - plays the fir - ma - ment.

plays, dis - plays the fir - ma - ment.

plays, dis - plays the fir - ma - ment.

work dis - plays the fir - ma - ment.

The won-der of His work dis -

The won-der of His work dis - plays the fir - ma - ment, dis -

The won-der of His work dis - plays the fir - ma -

The won-der of His work dis -

plays the fir - ma - ment, the fir - ma - ment.

plays the fir - ma - ment.

ment, the fir - ma - ment, The
 plays the fir - ma - ment, The won - der of His work dis -
 The won - der of His work dis - plays the fir - ma -
 The won - der of His work dis - plays, dis - plays the fir - ma -
 won - der of his work dis - plays the fir - ma - ment, the fir - ma - ment,
 plays the fir - ma - ment, The won - der
 ment, The won - der of His work dis - plays the fir - ma - ment, The
 ment, The won - der of His work, The won - der of His work dis -
 The won - der of His work,
 of His work dis - plays the fir - ma - ment, The won - der of His -
 won - der of His work dis - plays the fir - ma - ment, the fir - ma - ment, The -
 plays the fir - ma - ment, dis - plays, dis -

The wonder of His work—dis - plays, — dis - plays — the fir - ma -

work dis-plays the fir - ma - ment, The won-der

won - der of His work dis - plays, — dis - plays — the fir - ma - ment,

plays the fir - ma - ment, The won - der of His work dis -

ment, The won - der of His work dis - plays the fir - ma - ment,

of His work — dis - plays, dis - plays the fir - ma - ment,

dis - plays, — dis - plays the fir - ma - ment, the fir - ma - ment,

plays the fir - ma - ment, — the fir - ma - ment,

The won - der of His work, The won - der of His

The won - der of His work, The won - der of His

The won - der of His work dis - plays the

The won - der of His work, The won - der of His

sfz

F. C. S. No. 496

work dis - plays, dis - plays the fir - ma -

work dis - plays, dis - plays the fir - ma -

fir - ma - ment, the fir - ma - ment. The

work dis - plays, dis - plays the fir - ma -

ment. The heav - ens are tell - ing the glo - ry of

ment. The heav - ens are tell - ing the

heav - ens are tell - ing the glo - ry of

ment. The heav - ens are tell - ing the glo - ry of

God, The won - der of His work dis - plays the fir - ma - ment, dis -

glo - ry of God, The won - der of His

God, The won - der of His work dis - plays the fir - ma - ment, dis -

God, The won - der of His work dis - plays,

plays the fir - ma - ment, dis - plays the fir - ma - ment, The
 work dis - plays the fir - ma - ment, the fir - ma - ment, The
 plays the fir - ma - ment, dis - plays the fir - ma - ment,
 dis - plays the fir - ma - ment, The
 won - der of His work, The won - der of His work dis -
 won - der of His work, The won - der of His work dis -
 The won - der of His work dis - plays the fir - ma -
 won - der of His work, The won - der of His work dis -
 plays, dis - plays the fir - ma - ment. The
 plays, dis - plays the fir - ma - ment.
 ment, the fir - ma - ment. The heav - ens are
 plays, dis - plays the fir - ma - ment. The-

The musical score is written for four voices (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a prominent, rhythmic melody in the right hand, often using chords and arpeggios, while the left hand provides a steady harmonic foundation. The vocal parts enter in a staggered fashion, creating a rich, multi-layered texture. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staves, with some words appearing in multiple parts simultaneously.

The musical score is arranged in three systems, each with four staves. The top two staves of each system are for vocal parts (Soprano and Alto/Tenor), and the bottom two are for piano accompaniment (Right and Left Hand). The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "heav - ens are tell - ing the glo - ry of God, The The heav - ens are tell - ing, are tell - ing the glo - ry of God, won - der of His work dis - plays, tell - ing the glo - ry of The won - der of His dis - plays the God, The won - der der of His work dis - plays the fir - ma". The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more complex bass line in the left hand, often using triplets and dynamic markings like *sfz* (sforzando).

heav - ens are tell - ing the glo - ry of God, The

The heav - ens are tell - ing, are

tell - ing the glo - ry of God,

heav - ens are tell - ing the glo - ry of God,

won - der of His work dis - plays,

tell - ing the glo - ry of

The won -

The won - der of His

dis - plays the

God, The won - der

der of His

work dis - plays the fir - ma

fir - ma - ment, dis - plays the
 of His work dis - plays the
 work, dis - plays the
 ment, dis - plays the fir

ma - ment, dis - plays the fir - ma -
 ment, dis - plays the fir - ma -
 ment, dis - plays the fir - ma -
 ment, dis - plays the fir - ma -

ment, dis - plays the fir - ma - ment.
 ment, dis - plays the fir - ma - ment.
 ment, dis - plays the fir - ma - ment.
 ment, dis - plays the fir - ma - ment.

83. O Isis and Osiris, guide them!

From "The Magic Flute"

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

Adagio

SOLO *p*

VOICE

O I - sis and O - si - ris,-

PIANO

p

guide them! Send down thy spir - it— on the pair! Still, all their wan - d'ring

steps di - rect - ing, Fit them our sol - emn rites to share, Fit them our

CHORUS (*ad libitum*)
TENOR I and II

Fit them our sol - emn rites to share.

BASS I and II

sol - emn rites to share, Fit them our sol - emn rites to share.

84. The Shepherds' Farewell to the Holy Family

From "The Flight into Egypt"

Hector Berlioz
(1803-1869)

SOPRANO
ALTO

Allegretto

p

Cru - el fate from us—doth sev - er The Child whom

TENOR
BASS

p

Cru - el fate from us—doth sev - er The Child whom

PIANO

Allegretto

f

p

May he by your love be ev - er Pro - tect - ed,

mf

He - rod seeks to slay; May he by your love be ev - er Pro - tect - ed,

mf

He - rod seeks to slay; May he by your love be ev - er Pro - tect - ed,

cresc.

mf

Fail, in
 where - so - e'er— ye stray; May he grow in years, and nev - er Fail, in
 where - so - e'er— ye stray; May he grow in years, and nev - er Fail, in
 turn,
 turn, your love to re - pay! May— he grow— in years, and nev - er
 turn, your love to re - pay! May he grow— in years, and nev - er
 Fail, in turn, your love to re - pay, All your love with love to re - pay.
 Fail, in turn, your love to re - pay, All your love with love to re - pay.
 All your love with love to re - pay.

poco ritenuto
p (#)
poco ritenuto
p (#)
poco ritenuto
p (#)

Tempo I

p

If, in hea - then lands— so - journing, New

If, in hea - then lands— so - journing, New

Tempo I

p

Then, your foot - steps hith - er

dan - gers e'er should you— be - tide,

Then, your foot-steps hith - er

dan - gers e'er should you— be - tide,

Then, your foot - steps hith - er

turn - ing, A - gain with us

turn - ing, A - gain with us— in peace— a - bid, Ne'er this

turn - ing, A - gain with us— in peace— a - bid, Ne'er this

Which for you

hum - ble man - ger spurn - ing, Which for you did shel - ter pro - vide.

hum - ble man - ger spurn - ing, Which for you did shel - ter pro - vide.

Ne'er this hum - ble man - ger spurn - ing Which for you — did

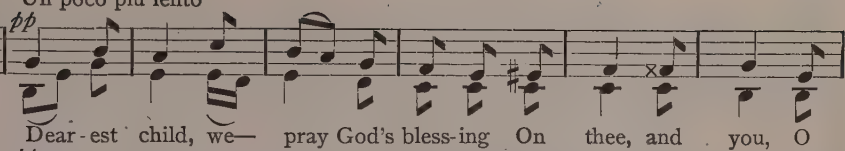
Ne'er this hum - ble man - ger spurn - ing Which for you — did

shel - ter pro - vide, Which for you — did shel - ter pro - vide.

shel - ter pro - vide, Which for you did shel - ter pro - vide.

poco ritenuto *p* *Tempo 1*

Un poco più lento



Dear-est child, we pray God's bless-ing On thee, and you, O

Un poco più lento



From all ill, or aught dis-tress-ing, His

an-gels keep

— an-gels keep you with their care; All your wick-ed foes re-

an-gels

an-gels keep you with their care; All your wick-ed foes re-

Warn - ing you

press-ing, Warn-ing you 'gainst ev - 'ry snare! All— your wick - ed

press - ing, Warn - ing you 'gainst ev - 'ry snare! All your wick - ed

foes— re - press - ing, Warn - ing you— 'gainst ev - 'ry snare,—

foes re - press - ing, Warn - ing you— 'gainst ev - 'ry snare,—

perdendo

poco rall.

Warn - ing you - a - gainst ev - 'ry snare.

poco rall.

Warn - ing you a - gainst ev - 'ry snare.

poco rall.

pp

85. How lovely are the messengers

From "St. Paul"

Romans, v: 15, 16

Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy
(1809-1847)

Andante con moto

SOPRANO

ALTO

TENOR

BASS

PIANO

p

How love - ly are the mes - sen - gers that preach us the gos - pel of

peace; How love - ly are the mes - sen - gers that preach us the gos - pel of

peace, the gos - - pel of peace, the mes - sen - gers that

How love - ly are the mes - sen - gers that

preach us the gos - pel of peace; How love -

preach us the gos - pel of peace; How love - ly are the mes - sen - gers that

ly are they that preach us the gos - pel of peace: To all the

preach us the gos - pel of peace, the gos - - pel of peace: To all the

cresc. *f* *f* *f* *cresc.* *f*

na - tions is gone forth the sound of their words; To all the

na - tions is gone forth the sound of their words, the sound,

na - tions is gone forth the sound of their words; To all the

na - tions is gone forth the sound of their words; To all the

na - tions is gone forth the sound of their words, is gone forth the sound of their

is gone, is gone forth the sound

na - tions is gone forth the sound of their words, their

na - tions is gone, is gone forth the sound of their words, the

words. How

of their words. How love - ly

words. How love - ly are the mes - sen - gers that preach us the gos - pel of

sound. How love - ly are the

love - ly are the mes - sen - gers that preach us the gos - pel of peace, —

are the mes - sen - gers that preach us, that preach us the gos - pel of

peace, the mes - sen - gers that preach us, that preach us the gos - pel, the

mes - sen - gers, the mes - sen - gers that preach us, — that

they — that preach us the gos - pel of peace: To

peace, that preach us the gos - pel of peace:

gos - pel of peace, that preach us the gos - pel of peace:

preach us the gos - pel of peace, the gos - pel of peace:

all the na - tions is gone forth the sound of their words,

To all the na - tions,

dim. *p* *cresc.* *r.h.* *P.*

f To

cresc. *f* To

all the na - tions is gone forth the sound of their words;

cresc. To all the na - tions

cresc.

all the na - tions is gone forth the sound of their words, is

all the na - tions is gone forth the sound of their words, is

all the na - tions is gone forth the sound of their words, is

is gone forth the sound of their

ff

gone forth the sound of their words; To all the na - tions is

gone forth the sound of their words; To all the na - tions is

gone forth the sound of their words; To all the na - tions is

cresc. *ff*

words, is gone forth the sound of their words; To all the na - tions is

ff

gone forth the sound of their words, through-out all the lands their glad

gone forth the sound of their words, through-out all the lands their glad

gone forth the sound of their words, through-out all the lands their glad

gone forth the sound of their words, through-out all the lands their glad

ti - - - dings.

ti - - - dings. *p* How love - ly are the mes - sen - gers that

ti - - - dings.

ti - - - dings.

dim.

p How love - ly - - - they that

preach us the gos - pel of peace; *p* How love - ly are the mes - sen -

p How love - - - ly they that

p How love - - - ly they that

preach us the gos-pel of peace, — they — that preach us the

gers that preach us the gos-pel of peace, that preach us the

preach, — that preach us the gos-pel of peace, that preach us the

preach — us the gos-pel of peace, — the

gos - pel of peace.

gos - pel of peace.

gos - pel of peace.

gos - pel of peace.

rall.

86. Ah, dearest Lord

English version by
L. d'O. Warner
Andante

German Folk-song
Harmonized by Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

1. Ah, dear - est Lord, young Je - sus mild, Since Thou hast been a

2. By ser - a - phim let him be shown Thy ho - ly cross, the

lit - tle child, So give to this sweet child of mine The grace and bless - ing which are Thine.
ho - ly crown; Thine an - gel host may they be nigh, By night, by day wher - e'er he lie.

Ah, Je - sus, King — Di - vine, To us Thine heart — in - cline!

3. Now sleep, now sleep, beloved mine,
Lord Jesus watches, friend of thine;
He sends thee dreams of gentleness
And fills thy soul with loveliness.
Ah, Jesus, King Divine,
To us Thine heart incline!

4. A happy day, a happy night,
Sends He who is this earth's delight;
So be thou blest with love divine,
Ah! heart-enfolded child of mine.
Ah, Jesus, King Divine,
To us Thine heart incline!

87. Hymn to St. Raphael

English version by
L. d'O. Warner

German Folk-song
Harmonized by Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

Andante

mp

1. Take thou our sor - row, Heal us to - mor - row, Saint Ra - pha - el!
2. We—kneel be - fore thee; Give, we im - plore thee, Saint Ra - pha - el!

mp

mf

Take thou our sor - row, Heal us to - mor - row, Saint Ra - pha - el! Thy truth pre -
We—kneel be - fore thee, Give, we im - plore thee, Saint Ra - pha - el! Strength, made of

mf

vail - ing When we are fail - ing, } Help, thou, oh, help, Saint Ra - pha - el!
weak - ness, Might, born of meek - ness, }

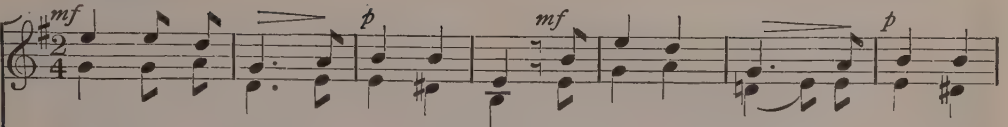
88. A Legend

133

English words by
Nathan Haskell Dole
Moderato

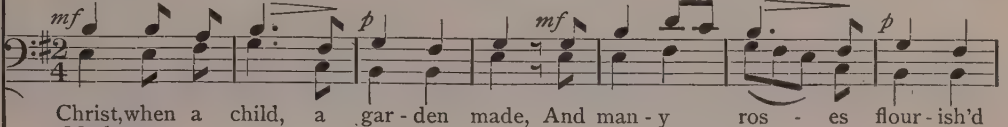
Piotr Ilyitch Tchaikovsky
(1840-1893)

SOPRANO
ALTO



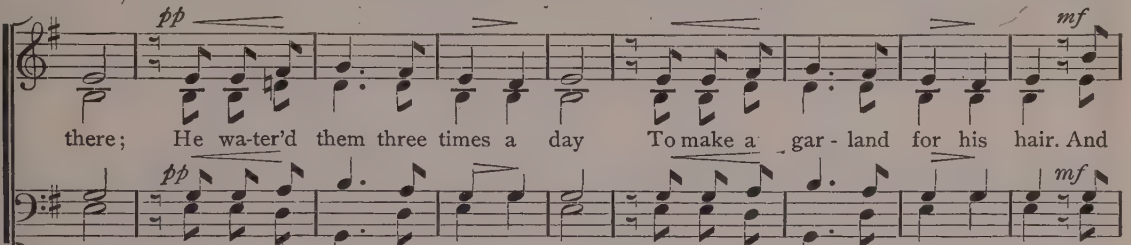
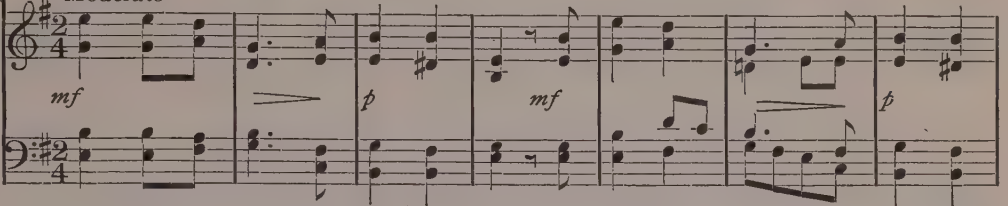
Christ, when a child, a gar - den made, And man - y — ros - es flour-ish'd

TENOR
BASS

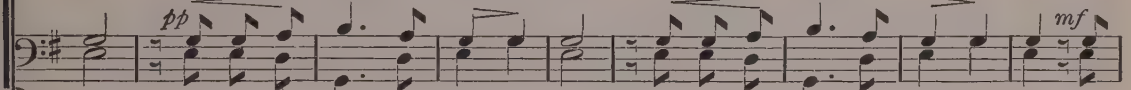


Christ, when a child, a gar - den made, And man - y ros - es flour-ish'd

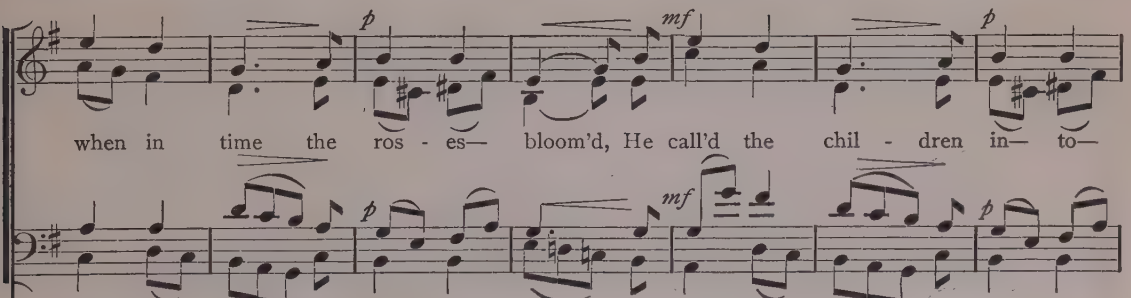
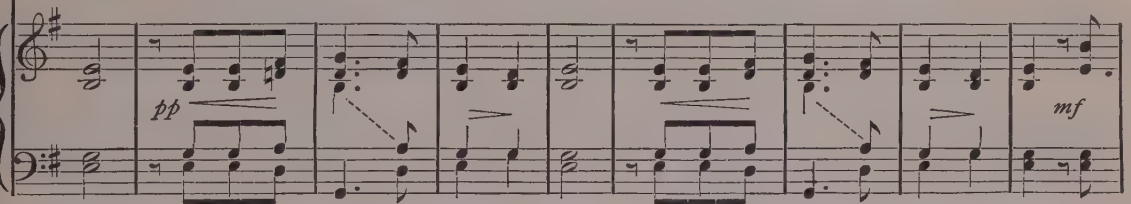
PIANO
(For re-
hearsal
only)



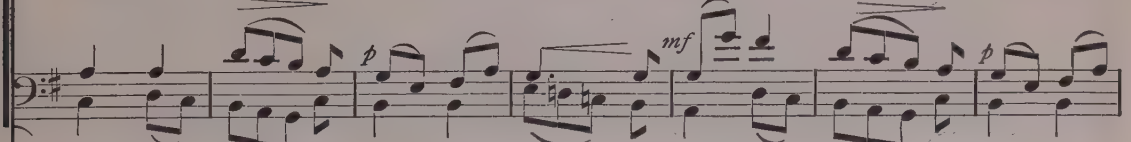
there; He wa-ter'd them three times a day To make a gar - land for his hair. And



there; He wa-ter'd them three times a day To make a gar - land for his hair. And



when in time the ros - es — bloom'd, He call'd the chil - dren in — to —



when in — time — the ros - es — bloom'd, He call'd the chil - dren in — to —



pp

share: They tore the flow'rs from ev - 'ry stem, And left the gar - den

share: They tore the flow'r's from ev - 'ry stem, And left the gar - den

f

stript and bare. "How wilt thou weave thy - self a crown, Now that thy

"How wilt thou weave thy - self a crown, Now that thy

stript and bare. "How wilt thou weave thy - self a crown, Now that thy

pp

ros - es are all dead?" "Ye have for - got - ten — that the thorns

ros - es are all dead?"

ros - es are all dead?" "Ye have for - got - ten — that the thorns

Meno mosso
p cresc.

Are left for me," the Christ-child said. They plait-ed then a crown of

p cresc.

Are left for me," the Christ-child said. They plait-ed then a crown of

Meno mosso
p cresc.

f thorns And laid it rude-ly on his head: A gar-land for his fore-head

f cresc.

thorns And laid it—rude-ly—on his—head: A gar-land for his fore-head

f cresc.

f made; For ros-es, drops of blood, in-stead, of blood, in-stead!

ritenuto

of blood, in-stead, of blood, in-stead!

ritenuto

made; For ros-es,—drops of blood, in-stead, of blood, in-stead!

ritenuto

89. Triumph! Thanksgiving

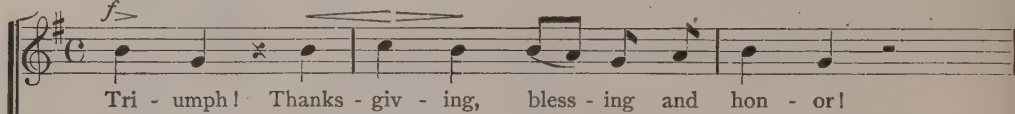
Words adapted by H. W. F.

Sergei Rachmaninoff

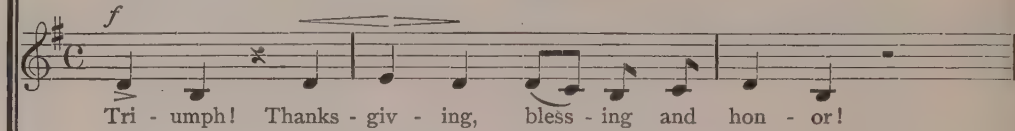
(1873-)

Lento moderato; maestoso

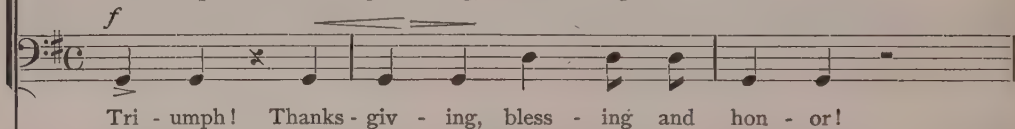
SOPRANO



ALTO

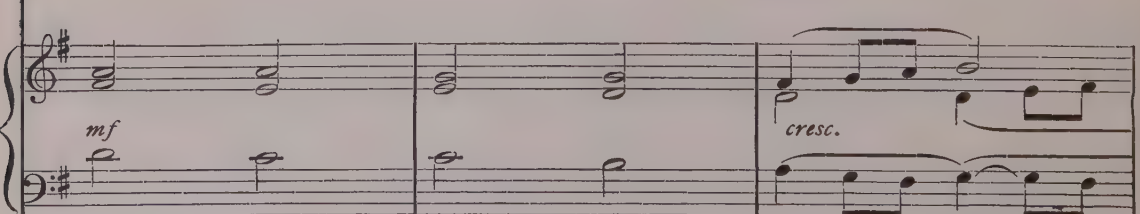
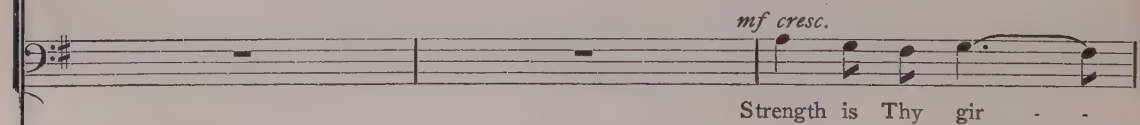
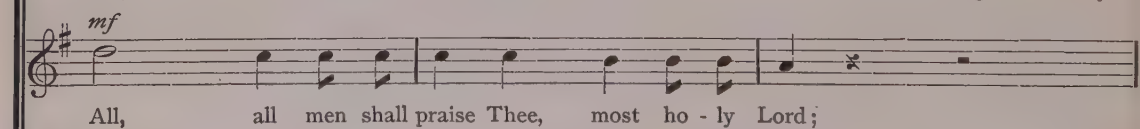
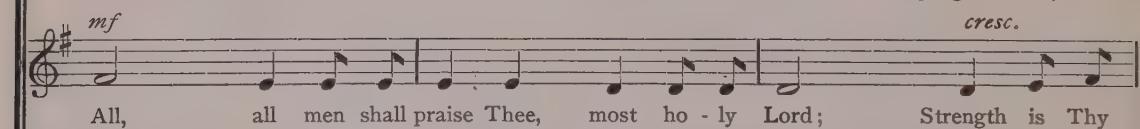
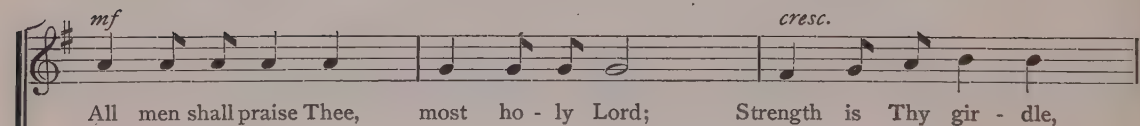
TENOR
(I and II)

BASS



Lento moderato; maestoso

PIANO



Truth is Thy sword! Tri-umph! Thanksgiv - ing, bless - ing and

gir - dle, Truth is Thy sword! Tri-umph! Thanksgiv - ing, bless - ing and

Truth is Thy sword! Tri-umph! Thanksgiv - ing, bless - ing and

dle, Truth, Thy sword! Tri-umph! Thanksgiv - ing, bless - ing and

ben marcato

hon - or! Qui - et our heart, In Thee con - fi - ding, In Thee re - joic - ing

hon - or! Qui - et our heart, In Thee con - fi - ding, In Thee re - joic - ing

hon - or! Qui - et our heart, In Thee con - fi - ding, In Thee re - joic - ing

hon - or! In Thee re -

p *Poco più lento*

All the glad day, glad day.

All the glad day.

p *(I and II)* *mf*

All the glad day. Thy work still do - ing, Thy praise pur - su -

p *mf*

joic - ing All the glad day. Thy work still do - ing, Thy praise pur - su -

p *mf* *Poco più lento*

pp *pp* *largamente* *p cresc. molto* *ff*

Hands ev - er serv - ing, Lips ev - er prais - ing, All the glad - day.

pp *pp* *largamente* *p cresc. molto* *ff*

Hands ev - er serv - ing, Lips ev - er prais - ing, All the glad - day.

p *pp* *largamente* *p cresc. molto* *ff*

ing, All the glad - day.

p *pp* *largamente* *cresc. molto* *ff*

ing, All the glad - day.

pp *pp* *p cresc. molto* *ff*

3 3 3

ff Tempo I

Tri - umph! Thanks - giv - ing, bless - ing and

ff • ALTO I and II

Tri - umph! Thanks - giv - ing, bless - ing and

ff

Tri - umph! Thanks - giv - ing, bless - ing and

ff

Tri - umph! Thanks - giv - ing, bless - ing and

Tempo I

f

hon - or! All men shall

f

hon - or! All men shall

f

hon - or! All men shall praise Thee,

f

hon - or! All men shall

praise Thee, most ho - ly Lord! Give strength to our

praise Thee, most ho - ly Lord! ———

most ho - ly Lord! Give strength, give strength to our

praise Thee, most ho - ly Lord! ———

The piano accompaniment consists of a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. The right hand features a series of triplets of eighth notes, while the left hand plays a simple harmonic accompaniment.

cresc. hand; Thy Truth be our sword! ———

cresc. — Thy Truth be our sword! ———

cresc. hand; Thy Truth be our sword! ———

cresc. Thy — Truth be our sword! ———

The piano accompaniment continues with the same triplets in the right hand and harmonic accompaniment in the left hand. A crescendo line is marked above the piano part.

[illegible]

The musical score is arranged in four systems. The first three systems each contain a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The vocal lines are for Soprano, Alto, and Tenor, respectively, and each ends with the word "Amen." The piano accompaniment consists of a continuous eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a similar pattern in the left hand, with triplets marked in the first four measures of each system. The fourth system shows the vocal lines continuing, with the piano accompaniment providing a harmonic foundation.

90. The Wonderful Inn

German Folk-song*
Harmonized by Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

Allegro
f

VOICES

1. In Po-land there's an inn, In Po-land there's an inn, In Po-land there's a
2. A pret-ty maid is there, A pret-ty maid is there, A serv-ing maid of

PIANO
f

Po - lish inn Where Po - lish sol - diers stout and thin Are al - ways flock - ing
beau - ty rare Who brings each guest the choic - est fare, Who brings each guest the

out and in, For - ev - er out and in.
choic - est fare The host-ess can pre - pare.

* This German folk-song is one of a group that Brahms harmonized for Schumann's children.

91. The Judge's Song

From "Trial by Jury"

W. S. Gilbert
(1836-1911)Arthur Seymour Sullivan
(1842-1900)

Allegro vivace

VOICE

PIANO

p *ff*

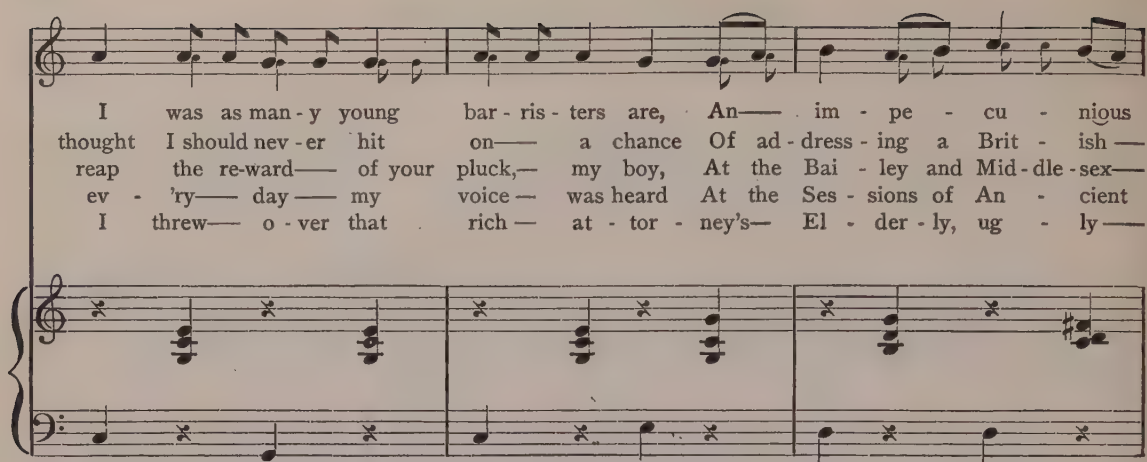
SOLO [JUDGE]

mf

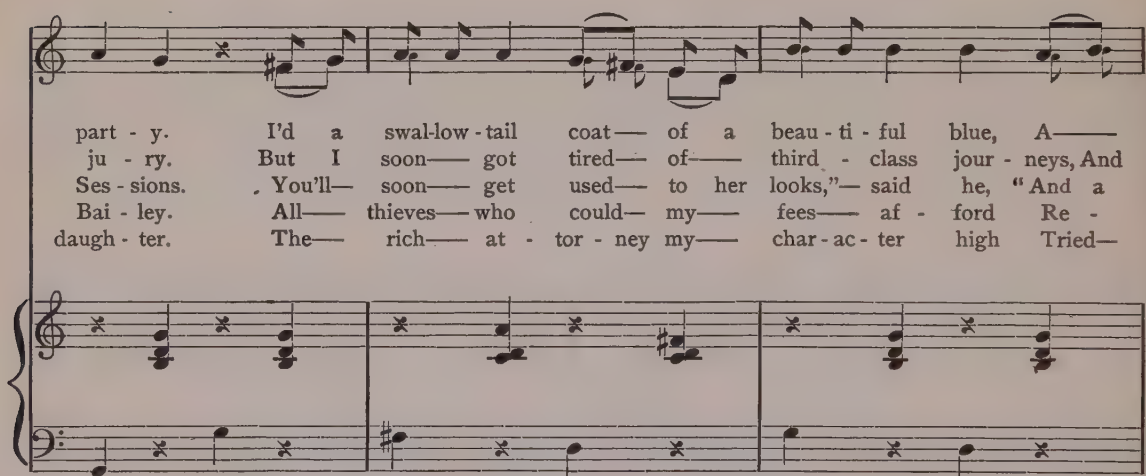
1. When I, good friends, was
2. In West - min - ster Hall I
3. The rich at - tor - ney he
4. The rich at - tor - ney was
5. At length I be - came as

mp

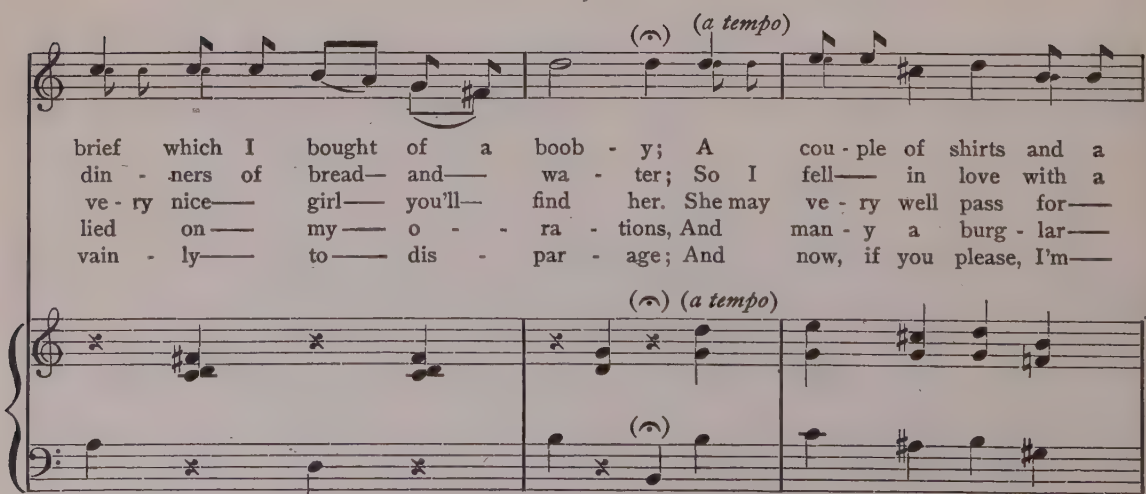
call'd to the bar, I'd an ap - pe - tite fresh and - heart - y, But
 danc'd a — dance, Like a sem - i - de - spond - ent - fu - ry; For I
 jump'd with — joy, And re - plied — to my fond pro - fes - sions: "You shall
 good as his word, The — briefs — came troop - ing - gai - ly, And
 rich as the Gur - neys, An in - cu - bus then I — thought her, So



I was as man - y young bar - ris - ters are, An — im - pe - cu - nious
 thought I should nev - er hit on — a chance Of ad - dress - ing a Brit - ish —
 reap the re - ward — of your pluck, — my boy, At the Bai - ley and Mid - dle - sex —
 ev - 'ry — day — my voice — was heard At the Ses - sions of An - cient
 I threw — o - ver that rich — at - tor - ney's — El - der - ly, ug - ly —



part - y. I'd a swal - low - tail coat — of a beau - ti - ful blue, A —
 ju - ry. But I soon — got tired — of — third - class jour - neys, And
 Ses - sions. You'll — soon — get used — to her looks," — said he, "And a
 Bai - ley. All — thieves — who could — my — fees — af - ford Re -
 daugh - ter. The — rich — at - tor - ney my — char - ac - ter high Tried —



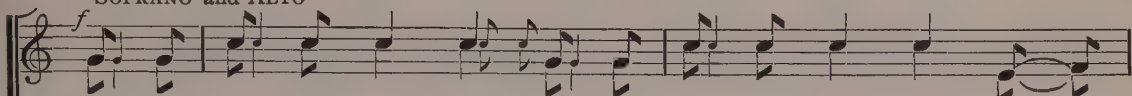
brief which I bought of a boob - y; A cou - ple of shirts and a
 din - ners of bread — and — wa - ter; So I fell — in love with a
 ve - ry nice — girl — you'll — find her. She may ve - ry well pass for —
 lied on — my — o - - ra - tions, And man - y a burg - lar —
 vain - ly — to — dis - par - age; And now, if you please, I'm —

(♩) (a tempo)



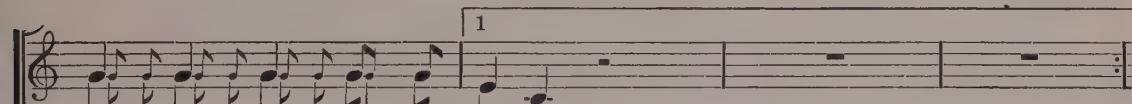
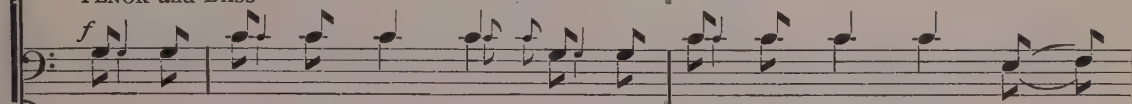
col - lar or two, And a ring — that look'd like a ru - by.
 rich — at - tor - ney's — El - der - ly, ug - ly — daugh - ter.
 for - ty - three In the dusk — with a light be - hind her!"
 I've — re - stor'd To his friends — and his re - la - tions.
 read - y to try This — Breach — of Prom - ise of — Mar - riage.

CHORUS
 SOPRANO and ALTO

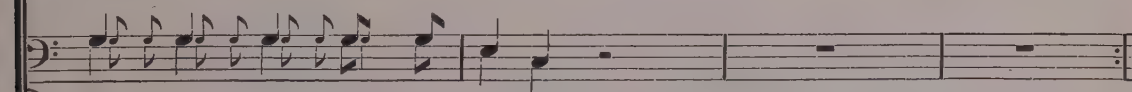


(1.) He'd a cou - ple of shirts and a col - lar or two, And a
 (2.) So he fell — in love with a rich — at - tor - ney's —
 (3.) She has of - ten been tak - en for — for - ty - three, In the
 (4.) And — man - y a burg - lar — he's re - stor'd To his
 (5.) And — now, if you please, he's — read - y to try This —

TENOR and BASS



ring that look'd like a ru - by.
 el - der - ly — ug - ly — daugh - ter.
 dusk with a light be - hind her!
 friends and — his re - la - tions.
 Breach of — Prom - ise of —



SOLO [JUDGE]

f

For now I'm a Judge! Yes, now I'm a Judge! Though

2

Mar-riage. And a good Judge, too! And a good Judge, too!

2

rall. Slower

all my law be fudge, Yet I'll nev-er, nev-er budge, But I'll live and die a Judge!

(*rall.*) Slower *f*

And a

rall. Slower *ff*

good Judge, too!

Tempo I

f *ff* *sfz* *8*

The musical score is written for a solo voice part (Judge) and piano accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/4. The score is divided into several systems. The first system shows the vocal line with lyrics 'For now I'm a Judge! Yes, now I'm a Judge! Though' and the piano accompaniment. The second system continues the vocal line with 'Mar-riage. And a good Judge, too! And a good Judge, too!' and the piano accompaniment. The third system features a vocal line with lyrics 'all my law be fudge, Yet I'll nev-er, nev-er budge, But I'll live and die a Judge!' and the piano accompaniment. The fourth system shows the vocal line with 'And a' and the piano accompaniment. The fifth system shows the vocal line with 'good Judge, too!' and the piano accompaniment. The sixth system shows the vocal line with 'Tempo I' and the piano accompaniment. The score includes various performance markings such as *f*, *ff*, *sfz*, *rall.*, and *Slower*. There are also dynamic markings like *ff* and *sfz* in the piano part. The score ends with a double bar line.

92. Hail, Poetry, thou heav'n-born maid!

From "The Pirates of Penzance"

W. S. Gilbert
(1836-1911)Arthur Seymour Sullivan
(1842-1900)

ff Andante

SOPRANO
ALTO

Hail, Po-et-ry, thou heav'n-born maid! Thou gild - est e'en the pi - rate's trade.

ff

TENOR
BASS

Hail, Po-et-ry, thou heav'n-born maid! Thou gild - est e'en the pi - rate's trade.

Andante

PIANO
(For rehearsal only)

ff

Hail, flow-ing fount of sen - ti - ment, All hail! All hail! di - vine e - mol - li - ent.

Hail, flow-ing fount of sen - ti - ment, All hail! All hail! di - vine e - mol - li - ent.

93. Prithce, pretty maiden

From "Patience"

W. S. Gilbert
(1836-1911)Arthur Seymour Sullivan
(1842-1900)

Allegretto

VOICE

SOLO [GROSVENOR]

mp

Prith-ee, pret-ty maid - en, prith-ee tell me true,

PIANO

mf

p

(Hey, but I'm dole-ful, wil-low, wil-low wa-ly!) Have you e'er a lov-er a -

dang-ling af-ter you? Hey, wil-low wa-ly O! I would fain dis-cov-er, If you have a lov-er!

rall. Hey,— wil - low wa - ly— O! *[PATIENCE] mp a tempo* Gen-tle sir, my heart is fro-l-ic-some and free—

(Hey, but he's dole-ful, wil-low, wil-low, wa-ly!) No-bod-y I care for

comes a-court-ing me,— Hey, wil-low wa-ly O! No-bod-y I care for

rall. *[GROSVENOR] mp a tempo*
Comes a-courting—there-fore, Hey,—wil-low wa-ly— O! Prith-ee, pret-ty maid-en,

will you mar-ry me? (Hey, but I'm hope-ful, wil-low, wil-low wa-ly!)

I may say, at once, I'm a man of prop-er-tee, Hey, wil-low wa-ly O!

Money, I de-spise it, But ma-ny peo-ple prize it, Hey,— wil - low wa - ly— O!

rall.

[PATIENCE]
mp a tempo

Gentle sir, al-though to mar-ry I de-sign, (Hey, but he's hope-ful, wil-low, wil-low wa - ly!) As

a tempo
p

yet I do not know you, and so I must de-cline, Hey, wil - low wa - ly O! To

oth-er maid-ens go you, As yet I do not know you, Hey,— wil - low wa - ly— O!

mf rall.

[GROSVENOR]
mf rall.

Hey, wil-low wa - ly O!—

rall.
mf

94. The Magnet and the Churn

From "Patience"

W. S. Gilbert
(1836-1911) AllegrettoArthur Seymour Sullivan
(1842-1900)

PIANO

ff

SOLO [GROSVENOR]

mf

A mag-net hung in a hard-ware shop, And all a-round was a

mp

lov-ing crop Of scis-sors and nee-dles, nails and knives, Of-fer-ing love for all their lives;

mf

But for i-ron the mag-net felt no whim,

*mp**mf*

Tho' he charm-ed i-ron, it charm'd not him, From

mp

cresc. *f*

nee-dles and nails and knives he'd turn, For he'd set his love — on a Sil-ver Churn!

cresc. *mf*

CHORUS SOLO

A Sil-ver Churn! A Sil-ver Churn! His-most es-thet-ic,—

Ve-ry mag-net-ic— Fan-cy took this-turn: "If I can whee-dle A

CHORUS *mf*

knife or a nee-dle, Why not a Sil-ver Churn?" His most es-thet-ic,— Ve-ry mag-net-ic—

mf

cresc. *f poco rall.*

Fan-cy took this turn: "If I can whee-dle A knife or nee-dle, Why not a Sil-ver

poco rall.
cresc. *f*

Churn?"

a tempo
ff

SOLO
mf

And I-ron and Steel ex-press'd sur-prise, The nee-dles o-pen'd their

mp

well-drill'd eyes, The pen-knives felt "shut up," no doubt, The scissors declar'd themselves "cut out,"

mf

The ket - tles they boil'd with rage, 'tis said,

mp *mf*

While ev - 'ry nail went off its head, And

mp

hith-er and thith-er be - gan to roam, Till a hammer came up— and drove them home.

cresc. *f* *cresc.* *mf*

CHORUS *mf* SOLO

It drove them home? It drove them home; While this mag - net - ic,

Per - i - pa - tet - ic — Lov - er he liv'd to — learn, By no en - deav - or Can

mf CHORUS
mag - net ev - er At - tract a Sil - ver Churn! While this mag - net - ic, —

cresc.
Per - i - pa - tet - ic — Lov - er he liv'd to — learn, By no en - deav - or Can

rall. *f*
mag - net ev - er At - tract a Sil - ver Churn!

rall. *f* *ff* *a tempo*

95. When Britain really rul'd the waves

From "Iolanthe"

W. S. Gilbert
(1836-1911)Arthur Seymour Sullivan
(1842-1900)

PIANO

Maestoso

SOLO [LORD MOUNTARARAT]

1. When Brit - ain real - ly rul'd the waves (In good Queen Bess - 's— time), The
 2. When Wel - ling - ton thrash'd Bo - na - parte, As ev - 'ry child can - tell, The
 3. And while the House of Peers with-holds Its leg - is - la - tive - hand, And

House of Peers made no pre-tence To in - tel - lec - tual em - in - ence, Or schol - ar - ship sub -
 House of Peers through-out the war Did noth - ing in par - ti - cu - lar, And did it ve - ry
 no - ble states-men do not itch To in - ter - fere with mat - ters which They do not un - der -

time; Yet Brit - ain won her proud - est bays In good Queen Bess - 's glo - rious days! Yet
 well: Yet Brit - ain set the world a - blaze In good King George's glo - rious days! Yet
 stand, As bright will shine Great Brit - ain's rays As in — King George's glo - rious days! As

Brit - ain won her proud - est bays In good Queen Bess - 's glo - rious days.
 Brit - ain set the world a - blaze In good King George - 's glo - rious days.
 bright - will shine Great Brit - ain's rays As in King George - 's glo - rious days.

CHORUS
 SOPRANO and ALTO

(1.) Yes, Brit - ain won her proud - est bays In good Queen Bess - 's glo - rious days.
 (2.) Yes, Brit - ain set the world a - blaze In good King George - 's glo - rious days.
 (3.) As bright - will shine Great Brit - ain's rays As in King George - 's glo - rious days.

TENOR and BASS

96. Finale from "Iolanthe"

W. S. Gilbert
 (1836-1911)

Arthur Seymour Sullivan
 (1842-1900)

Tempo di Valzer

PIANO

1st verse

SOPRANO SOLO (or SEMI-CHORUS)

1. Soon as we may, Off and a - way!

2nd verse

TENOR SOLO (or SEMI-CHORUS)

2. Up in the sky, Ev - er so high,

We'll com - mence our jour - ney air - y— Hap - py are we—

Pleas - ures come in end - less se - ries: We will ar - range

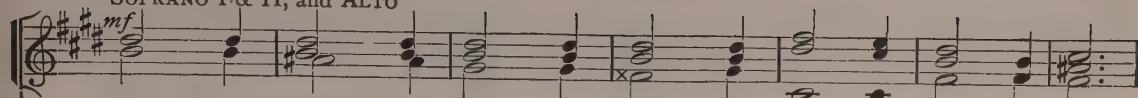
As you can see, Ev - 'ry one is now a fai - ry!

Hap - py ex - change— House of Peers for House of Pe - ris!

CHORUS

1st verse: Women's voices only

SOPRANO I & II, and ALTO



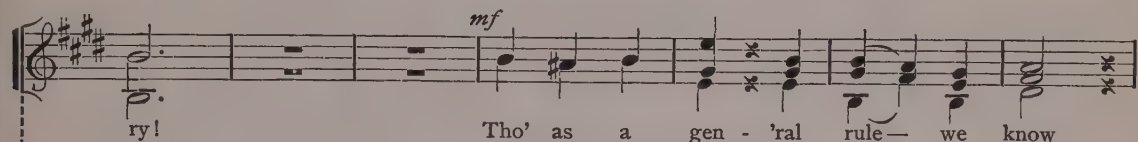
Ev - 'ry, ev - 'ry, ev - 'ry, Ev - 'ry one is now a fai -

2nd verse: Men's voices only

TENOR I & II, and BASS

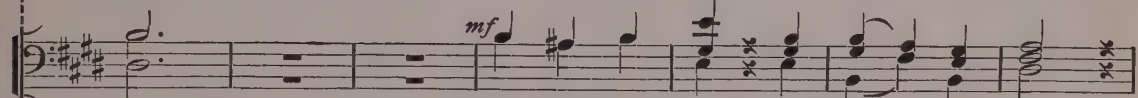


Pe - ris, Pe - ris, Pe - ris, House of Peers for House of Pe -



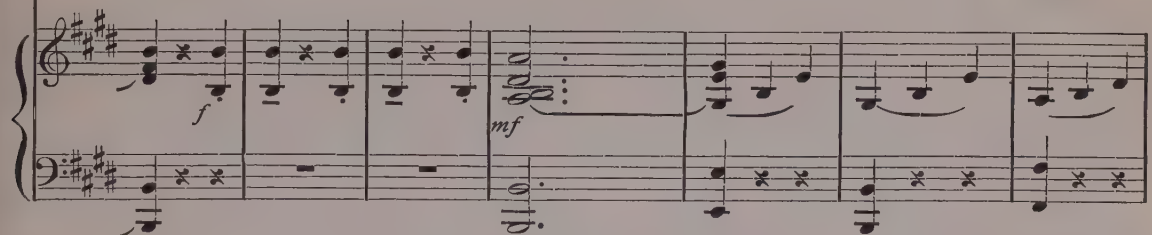
ry!

Tho' as a gen - 'ral rule— we know



ris!

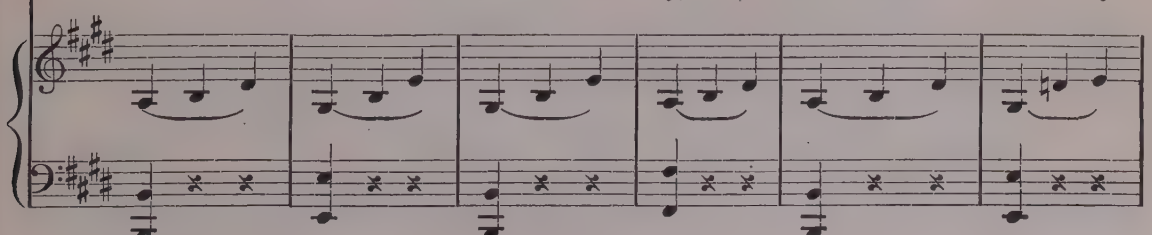
Up in the air, sky high,— sky high,



Two— strings go to ev - 'ry bow, Make up your minds that



Free— from Wards in Chan - cer - y, He will be sure - ly



grief 'twill bring If you've two beaux to ev - 'ry string.
 hap - pier, for He's such a sus - cep - ti - ble Chan - cel - lor!

TUTTI

(1.) Tho' as a gen - 'ral rule— we know Two strings go to ev - 'ry bow,
 (2.) Up in the air, sky high, sky high, Free from Wards in Chan - cer - y,

f

(1.) Tho' as a gen - 'ral rule— we know Two strings go to ev - 'ry bow,
 (2.) Up in the air, sky high, sky high, Free from Wards in Chan - cer - y,

f

1 *D.S.*

Make up your minds that grief 'twill bring, If you've two beaux to ev - 'ry string!
 He will be sure - ly hap - pier, for He's such a sus - cep - ti - ble

Make up your minds that grief 'twill bring, If you've two beaux to ev - 'ry string!
 He will be sure - ly hap - pier, for He's such a sus - cep - ti - ble

1 *D.S.*

f

2 *a tempo*

Chan-cel - lor! ———

Chan-cel - lor! ———

2 *a tempo*

ff

97. Tit-willow

From "The Mikado"

W. S. Gilbert
(1836-1911)

Arthur Seymour Sullivan
(1842-1900)

Andante espressivo *SOLO [Ko-Ko]*

VOICE

On a tree by a riv - er a

PIANO

p

lit - tle tom - tit Sang "Wil-low, tit - wil - low, tit - wil - low!"— And I

said to him: "Dick-y - bird, why do you sit Sing-ing 'Wil-low, tit - wil-low, tit -

wil - low?'— Is it weak - ness of in - tel - lect, bird - ie?" I cried, "Or a

ra - ther tough worm in your lit - tle in - side?" With a shake of his poor lit - tle

head he re - plied: "Oh, wil - low, tit - wil - low, tit - wil - low!"—

He slapp'd at his chest as he sat on the bough, Sing-ing

"Wil-low, tit - wil - low, tit - wil - low!"- And a cold pers - pi - ra - tion be -

span-gled his brow, Oh, wil - low, tit - wil - low, tit - wil - low!- He-

sobb'd and he sigh'd, and a gur - gle he gave, Then he threw him-self in - to the

bil - low - y wave, And an ech - o a - rose from the su - i - cide's grave—"Oh,

wil - low, tit - wil - low, tit - wil - low!" Now I

feel just as sure as I'm sure that my name Is - n't Wil - low, tit - wil - low, tit -

wil - low,— That 'twas blight - ed af - fec - tion that made him ex - claim, "Oh,

wil - low, tit - wil - low, tit - wil - low!"— And if you re - main cal - lous and

ob - du - rate, I shall per - ish as he did, And you will know why, Tho' I

pro - bá - bly shall not ex - claim as I die: "Oh, wil - low, tit - wil - low, tit - wil - low!"

Ped.

*

98. Finale from "The Gondoliers"

W. S. Gilbert
(1836-1911)

Arthur Seymour Sullivan
(1842-1900)

Tempo di Cachucha (Allegro)

PIANO

f

Dance a — ca — chu — cha, fan — dan — go, bo — le — ro, Xe — res — we'll drink — Man — za —

TENOR and BASS

f

Dance a ca — chu — cha, fan — dan — go, bo — le — ro, Xe — res we'll drink — Man — za —

nil — la, Mon — te — ro — Wine, when it — runs in a — bun — dance, en — han — ces The

nil — la, Mon — te — ro — Wine, when it runs in a — bun — dance, en — han — ces The

(Unison)

reck — less de — light of that wild — est of dan — ces! To the pret — ty pit — ter, pit — ter,

reck — less de — light of that wild — est of dan — ces!

pat - ter, And the clit - ter, clit - ter, clit - ter, clat - ter— Clit - ter, clit - ter, clat - ter,

Pit - ter, pit - ter, pat - ter, Clit - ter, clit - ter, clat - ter, clit - ter, clit - ter, clat - ter—

(Unison)

To the

pret - ty pit - ter, pit - ter, pat - ter, And the clit - ter, clit - ter, clit - ter, clat - ter,

Pit - ter, pit - ter, pit - ter, pat - ter, pat - ter, pat - ter, pat - ter, We'll dance, Old

Old

(Unison)

Xe-res we'll drink—Man-za - nil - la, Mon - te - ro; For wine, when it runs in a - bun-dance,

Xe-res we'll drink—Man-za - nil - la, Mon - te - ro; For wine, when it runs in a - bun-dance,

(Unison)

en - han - ces The reck - less de - light of that wild - est of dan - ces, that

en - han - ces The reck - less de - light of that wild - est of dan - ces, that

wild - est of dan - ces, The reck - less de - light! ————— Once more —————

wild - est of dan - ces, The reck - less de - light! ————— Once more —————

— gon - do - lier - i, Both skil - ful and wa - ry, — Free from this quan - da - ry Con -

— gon - do - lier - i, Both skil - ful and wa - ry, Free from this quan - da - ry Con -

(Unison)

tent - ed - are we, — Ah, —————

(Unison)

tent - ed are we, — Ah, —————

From Roy - - al - ty fly - ing, Our gon - do - las ply - ing, - And - mer - ri - ly -

From Roy - - al - ty fly - ing, Our gon - do - las ply - ing, And mer - ri - ly

(Unison)
cry - ing Our "pre-mé," "sta - li!" - Ah!

(Unison)
cry - ing Our "pre-mé," "sta - li!" - Ah!

f
So, good-bye, ca - chu - cha, fan - dan - go, bo - le - ro - We'll dance a fare - well to that

f
So, good-bye, ca - chu - cha, fan - dan - go, bo - le - ro - We'll dance a fare - well to that

(Unison)

meas-ure; — Old Xe-res, a - dieu—Man-za - nil - la—Mon - te - ro—We leave you with

meas-ure; — Old Xe-res, a - dieu—Man-za - nil - la—Mon - te - ro—We leave you with

feel - ings of pleas - ure! Once more, — gon - do - lier - i! Both skil - ful and

feel - ings of pleas - ure! Once more, — gon - do - lier - i! Both skil - ful and

wa - ry, — Free from this quan - da - ry — Con - tent - ed — are we, — Ah!

wa - ry, Free from this quan - da - ry Con - tent - ed are we, — Ah!

Ah!

once more,

TENOR I and II

Ah!

once more,

gon - do - lier - i, — gon - do - lier - i, — gon - do - lier - - - i, Con -

gon - do - lier - i, gon - do - - lier - i, Con - tent - -

tent - ed are we!

So good - bye, ca - chu - cha, fan - dan - go, bo -

ed are we!

So good - bye, ca - chu - cha, fan - dan - go, bo -

le - ro—We'll dance a fare - well to that meas-ure— Old Xe-res, a - dieu—Man - za -

le - ro—We'll dance a fare - well to that meas-ure— Old Xe-res, a - dieu—Man - za -

rall.
nil - la—Mon - te - ro—We leave you with feel - ings of pleas - ure, with feel - ings of pleas - -

rall.
nil - la—Mon - te - ro—We leave you with feel - ings of pleas - ure, with feel - ings of pleas - -

a tempo
ure! —
a tempo

a tempo
ure! —
a tempo

sfz

99. A mighty fortress is our God

Martin Luther

(1483-1546)

Translated from the German by

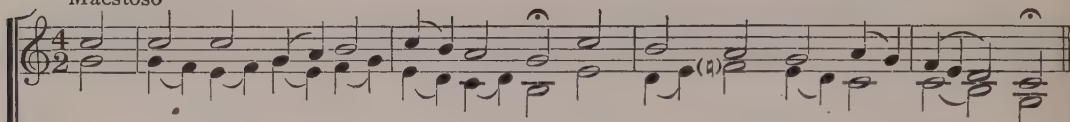
Frederic Henry Hedge

(1805-1890)

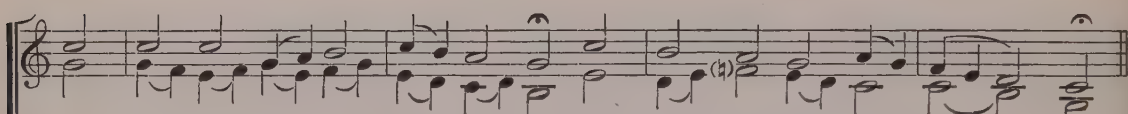
Attributed to Martin Luther

(1483-1546)


Maestoso



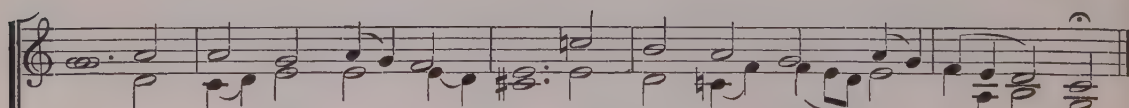
1. A mighty—fort—ress—is—our—God, A—bul—wark nev—er—fail—ing;
 2. Did we—in—our own strength con—fide, Our—striv—ing would be—los—ing;
 3. That word a—bove all earth—ly powers, No—thanks to them, a—bid—eth;



Our help—er—He—a—mid—the—flood Of—mor—tal ills—pre—vail—ing;
 Were not the—right man on—our—side, The—man of God's own—choos—ing;
 The Spir—it—and the—gifts are—ours Thro' Him who with us—sid—eth;



For still our an—cient foe Doth seek to work us woe; His craft and pow'r are
 Dost ask who that may be? Christ Je—sus, it—is He; Lord Sa—ba—oth His
 Let goods and kin—dred go, This mor—tal life—al—so; The bod—y they may



great, And, arm'd with cru—el—hate, On earth is—not—his—e—qual.
 name, From age—to—age—the—same, And He must—win—the—bat—tle.
 kill: God's truth a—bid—eth—still, His king—dom—is—for—ev—er.

100. To God on high be thanks and praise

Nikolaus Decius

(? -1541)

Translated from the German by

William Ball

(1784-1869)

Nikolaus Decius

(? -1541)

Harmonized by

Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy

(1809-1847)

To— God on high be— thanks and praise, Who deigns our bonds to sev - er; His—

cares our droop-ing souls up - raise, And harm shall reach us— nev - er. On Him we rest, with

faith as-sur'd, Of— all that live the- might - y Lord, For - ev - er and for - ev - er. A-MEN.

101. O Thou whose power

Boethius

(circa 475-525)

Translated from the Latin by

Samuel Johnson

(1709-1784)

Toulon (Old 124th)

Genevan Psalter (1551)

1. O Thou whose power o'er moving worlds presides, Whose voice cre-a - ted and whose wis-dom guides,
2. 'Tis Thine a - lone to calm the pi - ous breast With si - lent con - fi - dence and ho - ly rest:

On dark-ling man in pure ef - ful-gence shine, And cheer the cloud-ed mind with light di - vine.
From Thee, great God, we spring, to Thee we tend, — Path, Motive, Guide, O - rig - i - nal and End. A-MEN.

102. In heavenly love abiding

Psalm xxiii : 4
Paraphrased by
Anna Lætitia Waring
(1823-1910)

Hans Leo von Hasler
(1564-1612)

1. In heav'n-ly love— a - bid - ing, No—change my heart shall fear; And
2. Wher - ev - er He—may guide me, No—want shall turn me— back; My
3. Green pas - tures are— be - fore me, Which yet I have not— seen; Bright

safe is such con - fid - ing, For— noth - ing chang-es— here. The
Shep-herd is— be - side— me, And— noth - ing can— I — lack. His
skies will soon be o'er— me, Where dark - est clouds have been. My

storm may roar with - out— me, My heart may low be laid, But
wis - dom ev - er wak - eth, His sight is nev - er dim, He
hope I— can - not meas - ure, My path to life is free, My

God- is round a - bout— me, And— can— I be dis - may'd?
knows the way He tak - eth, And— I— will walk with Him.
Sav - iour has my treas - ure, And— He— will walk with me.

103. Now thank we all our God

Martin Rinkart
(1607-1649)
English version by
Catherine Winkworth
(1827-1878)
Maestoso

Johann Crüger
(1598-1662)

1. Now thank we all our God, With heart and hands and voices, Who
2. O may this bounteous God Thro' all—our life be near—us, With

wondrous things hath—done, In whom His world rejoices; Who
ever joy—ful— hearts And blessed— peace to cheer— us; And

from our— moth—er's arms Hath bless'd us on our way With
keep us— in His grace, And guide—us when per—plex'd, And

count—less gifts of love, And still is—ours to—day.
free us from all ills In this world and the next.

104. Now let every tongue adore Thee

From the Cantata: "Sleepers, Wake!"

Johann Sebastian Bach
(1685-1750)

Maestoso

Now let ev - 'ry tongue a - dore— Thee! Let men with
All Thy gates with pearl are glo - rious, Where we par -

an - gels sing be - fore— Thee! Let harps and cym - bals
take thro' faith vic - to - rious, With an - gels round Thy

now u - nitel! No mor - tal eye— hath seen, No— mor - tal

ear— hath heard Such won - drous things; There - fore— with—

joy our— song shall soar In— praise to— God for ev - er - more.

105. Awake, my soul

Philip Doddridge
(1702-1751)Georg Friedrich Händel
(1685-1759)

1. A - - wake, my soul, — stretch ev - 'ry — nerve, And —
 2. A — cloud of wit - ness - es a - round Hold —

press with vig - or — on! — A — heav'n - ly race de - mands thy — zeal, And —
 thee in full sur - vey: — For - get the steps al - read - y — trod, And —

an im - mor - tal crown, — And an im - mor - tal crown.
 on - ward urge thy way! — And on - ward — urge thy way! A-MEN.

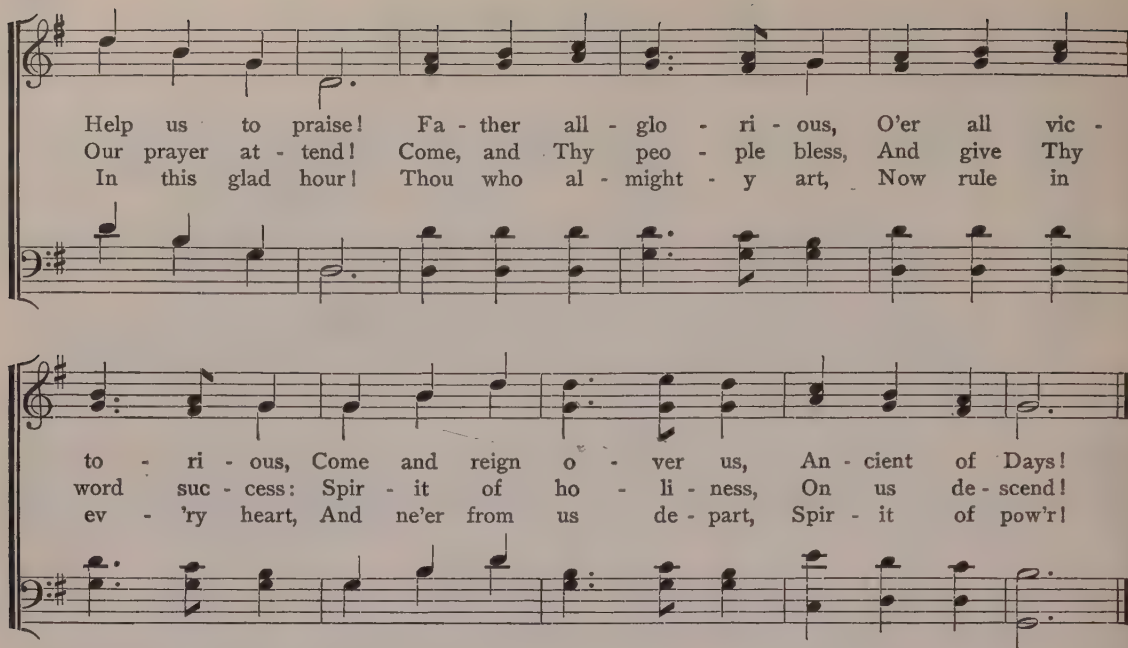
3. 'Tis God's all-animating voice
 That calls thee from on high;
 'Tis His own hand presents the prize
 To thine aspiring eye, —

4. That prize, with peerless glories bright,
 Which shall new lustre boast
 When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
 Shall blend in common dust.

106. Come, Thou Almighty King

Charles Wesley
(1707-1788)Felice de Giardini
(1716-1796)

1. Come, Thou Al - might - y King, Help us Thy name — to sing,
 2. Come, Thou In - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword,
 3. Come, Ho - ly Com - fort - er, Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear,



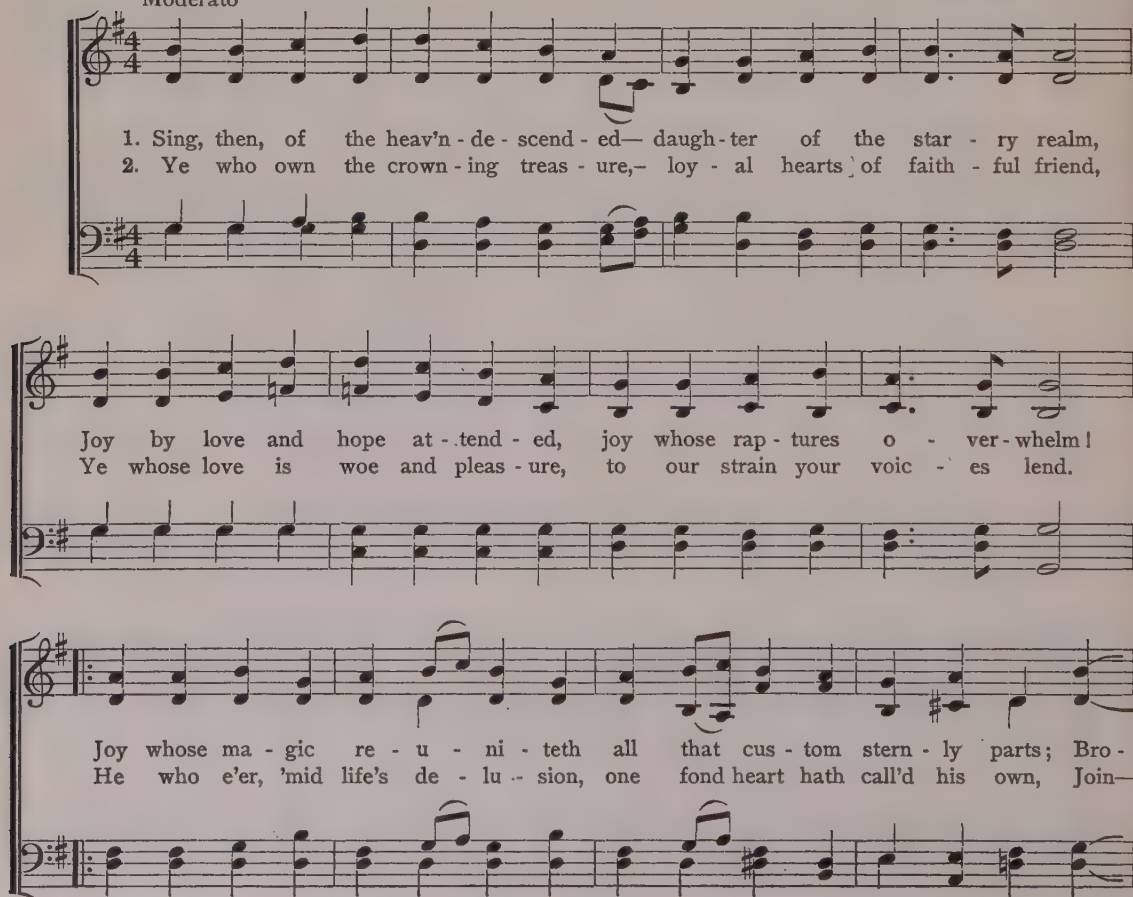
Help us to praise! Fa - ther all - glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic -
 Our prayer at - tend! Come, and Thy peo - ple bless, And give Thy
 In this glad hour! Thou who al - might - y art, Now rule in

to - ri - ous, Come and reign o - ver us, An - cient of Days!
 word suc - cess: Spir - it of ho - li - ness, On us de - scend!
 ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de - part, Spir - it of pow'r!

107. Hymn to Joy

Charles Wesley
(1707-1788)Ludwig van Beethoven
(1770-1827)

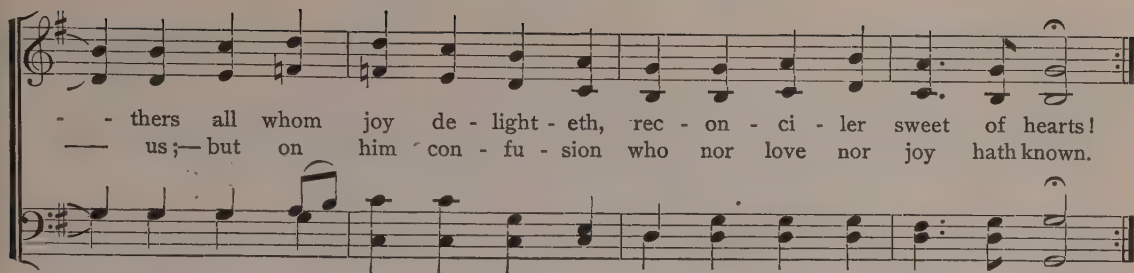
Moderato



1. Sing, then, of the heav'n - de - scend - ed - daugh - ter of the star - ry realm,
 2. Ye who own the crown - ing treas - ure, - loy - al hearts of faith - ful friend,

Joy by love and hope at - tend - ed, joy whose rap - tures o - ver - whelm!
 Ye whose love is woe and pleas - ure, to our strain your voic - es lend.

Joy whose ma - gic re - u - ni - teth all that cus - tom stern - ly parts; Bro -
 He who e'er, 'mid life's de - lu - sion, one fond heart hath call'd his own, Join -

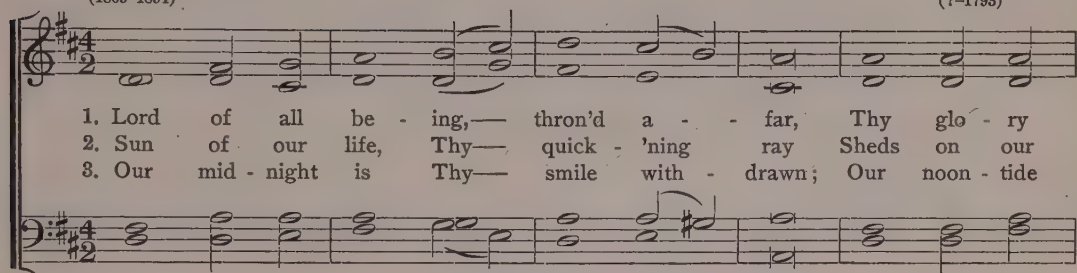


- - thers all whom joy de - light - eth, rec - on - ci - ler sweet of hearts!
— us;— but on him con - fu - sion who nor love nor joy hath known.

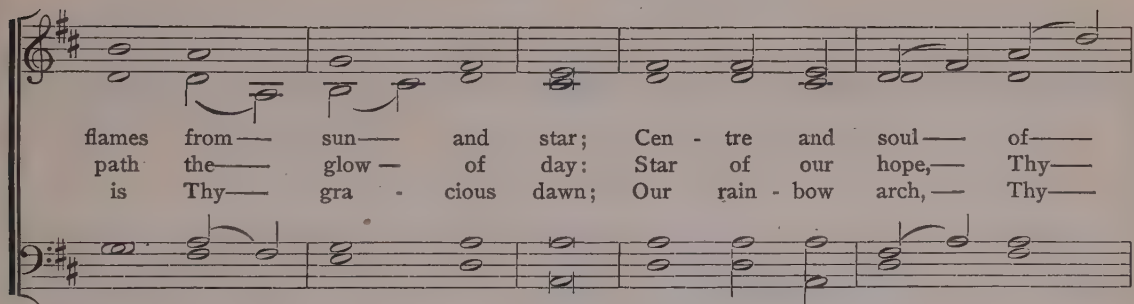
108. Lord of all being

Oliver Wendell Holmes
(1809-1894)

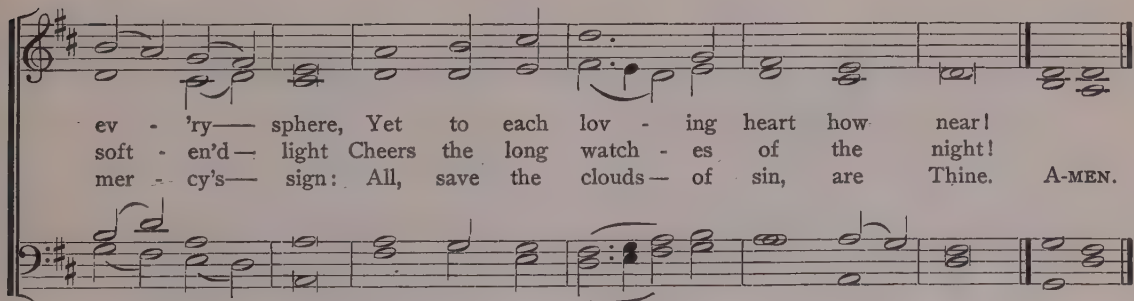
John Hatton
(?-1793)



1. Lord of all be - ing,— thron'd a - - far, Thy glo - ry
2. Sun of our life, Thy quick - 'ning ray Sheds on our
3. Our mid - night is Thy smile with - drawn; Our noon - tide



flames from— sun— and star; Cen - tre and soul— of—
path the glow— of day; Star of our hope,— Thy—
is Thy gra - cious dawn; Our rain - bow arch,— Thy—



ev - 'ry— sphere, Yet to each lov - ing heart how near!
soft - en'd— light Cheers the long watch - es of the night!
mer - cy's— sign: All, save the clouds— of sin, are Thine. A-MEN.

4. Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love;
Before Thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.

5. Grant us Thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for Thee,
Till all Thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

109. Land of our birth

Rudyard Kipling
(1865-)Lowell Mason
(1792-1872)

(1. Land of our birth, we—pledge to— thee Our love and
2. Fa - ther in heav'n, who—lov - est— all, Oh, help Thy
3. Teach us to bear the—yoke in— youth, With stead - fast -

toil in the years to— be, When we are grown and—
chil - dren— when they— call; That they may build from—
ness and— care - ful— truth; That, in our time, Thy—

take our— place, As men and wo - men with our— race.)
age to— age An un - de - fil - ed her - i - tage.
grace may— give The Truth where - by the na - tions— live. A-MEN.

4. Teach us to rule ourselves alway,
Controlled and cleanly night and day;
That we may bring, if need arise,
No maimed or worthless sacrifice.

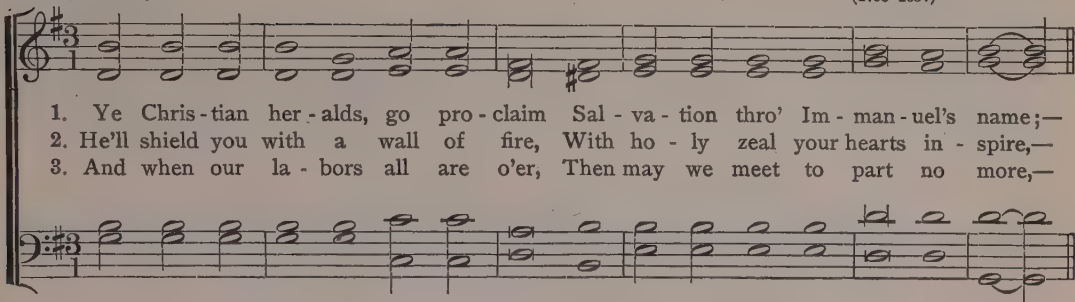
5. Teach us to look in all our ends,
On Thee for judge, and not our friends;
That we, with Thee, may walk uncowed
By fear or favor of the crowd.

6. Teach us the strength that cannot seek,
By deed or thought, to hurt the weak;
That, under Thee, we may possess
Man's strength to comfort man's distress.

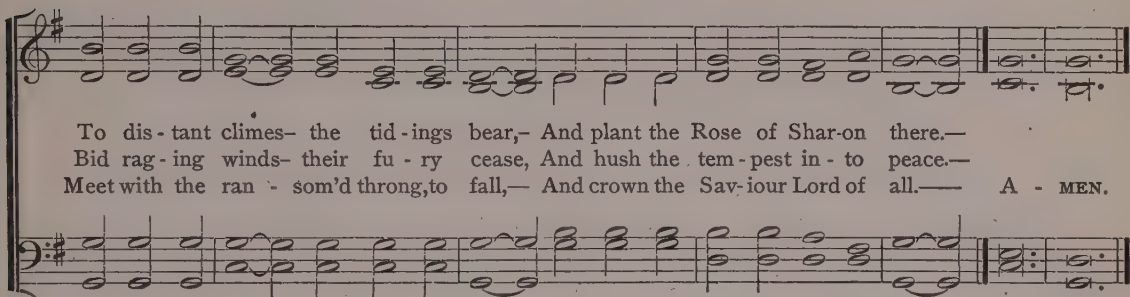
7. Teach us delight in simple things,
And mirth that has no bitter springs;
Forgiveness free of evil done,
And love to all men 'neath the sun!

(8. Land of our birth, our faith, our pride,
For whose dear sake our fathers died;
Oh, Motherland, we pledge to thee
Head, heart, and hand through the years to be!)

110. Ye Christian heralds

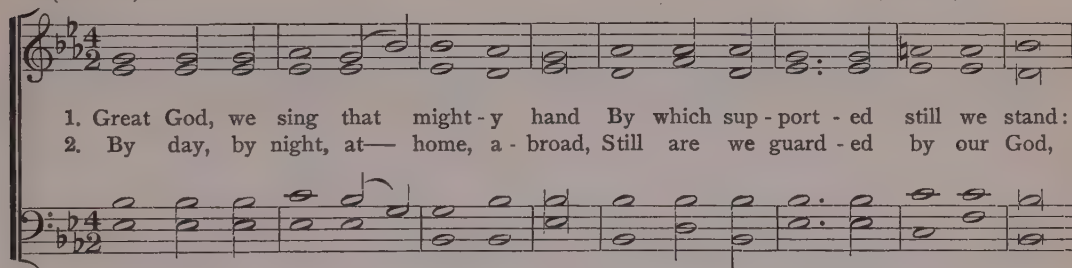
Bourne Hall Draper
(1775-1843)Heinrich Christoph Zeuner
(1795-1857)


1. Ye Chris-tian her-alds, go pro-claim Sal-va-tion thro' Im-man-uel's name;—
 2. He'll shield you with a wall of fire, With ho-ly zeal your hearts in-spire,—
 3. And when our la-bors all are o'er, Then may we meet to part no more,—

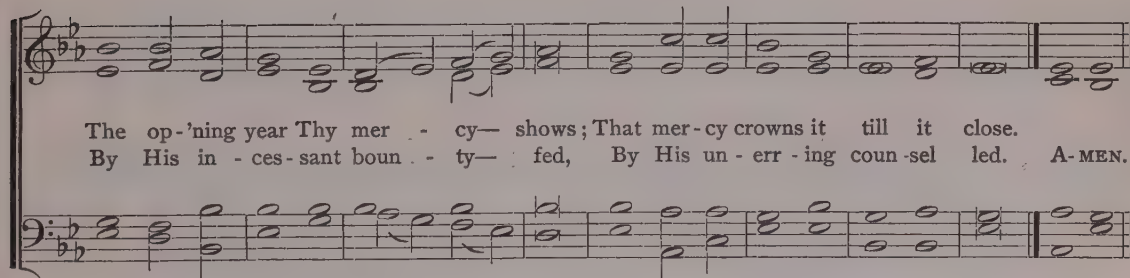


To dis-tant climes- the tid-ings bear,— And plant the Rose of Shar-on there.—
 Bid rag-ing winds- their fu-ry cease, And hush the tem-pest in-to peace.—
 Meet with the ran-som'd throng, to fall,— And crown the Sav-iour Lord of all.— A - MEN.

111. Great God, we sing

Philip Doddridge
(1702-1751)Henry Kemble Oliver
(1800-1885)


1. Great God, we sing that might-y hand By which sup-port-ed still we stand:
 2. By day, by night, at— home, a-broad, Still are we guard-ed by our God,



The op-'ning year Thy mer-cy— shows; That mer-cy crowns it till it close.
 By His in-ces-sant boun-ti-ty— fed, By His un-err-ing coun-sel led. A-MEN.

3. With grateful hearts the past we own;
 The future, all to us unknown,
 We to Thy guardian care commit,
 And, peaceful, leave before Thy feet.

4. In scenes exalted or depress'd,
 Thou art our joy, and Thou our rest;
 Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
 Adored through all our changing days.

112. Onward, Christian soldiers

Sabine Baring-Gould
(1834-1923)Arthur Seymour Sullivan
(1842-1900)

1. On - ward, Chris - tian sol - diers, March - ing as to war,
2. Like a might - y ar - my Moves the Church of God:

With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore! Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter,
Broth - ers, we are tread - ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed,

Leads a - gainst the foe: For - ward in - to bat - tle— See His ban - ners go.
All one bod - y we, One in hope, in doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.

On - ward, Chris - tian sol - diers,— March - ing as to — war,

With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

3. Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,—
And that cannot fail.

4. Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph-song;
Glory, laud, and honor
Unto Christ the King!
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.

113. In dulci jubilo

GERMAN

Con spirito

1. *In dul - ci ju - bi - lo!* — Let us our hom - age show! — Our hearts'
 2. *O pa - tris ca - ri - tas,* — *O na - ti le - ni - tas!* — Deep - ly
 3. *U - bi sunt gau - di - a* — If that they be not there? — There are

joy re - cli - neth *In præ - se - pi - o* — And like a bright star shin - eth *Ma -*
 were we stain - ed, *Pernos - tra cri - mi - na;* — But thou hast for us gain - ed *Cæ -*
 an - gels sing - ing *No - va can - ti - ca;* — There the bells are ring - ing *In*

tris in gre - mi - o, — *Al - pha es et O,* — *Al - pha es et O.*
lo - rum gau - di - a: — } *O that we were there,* — *O that we were there!*
re - gis cu - ri - a: — }

114. O come, all ye faithful

Latin Hymn (*circa 1700*)
 Of unknown authorship
 Translated by
 Frederick Oakeley
 (1802-1880)

Adeste fideles
 Traditional

1. O come, all ye faith - ful, Joy - ful and tri - um - phant, O come ye, O
 2. — Sing, choirs of an - gels, Sing in ex - ul - ta - tion, — Sing, all ye
 3. — Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, Born this hap - py morn - ing; — Je - sus, to

come— ye to Beth - le - hem; Come and be - hold Him, Born the King of
cit - i - zens of heav'n— a - bove; "Glo - ry— to God— In— the—
Thee— be— glo - ry giv'n, Word of— the Fa - ther, Now in flesh ap -

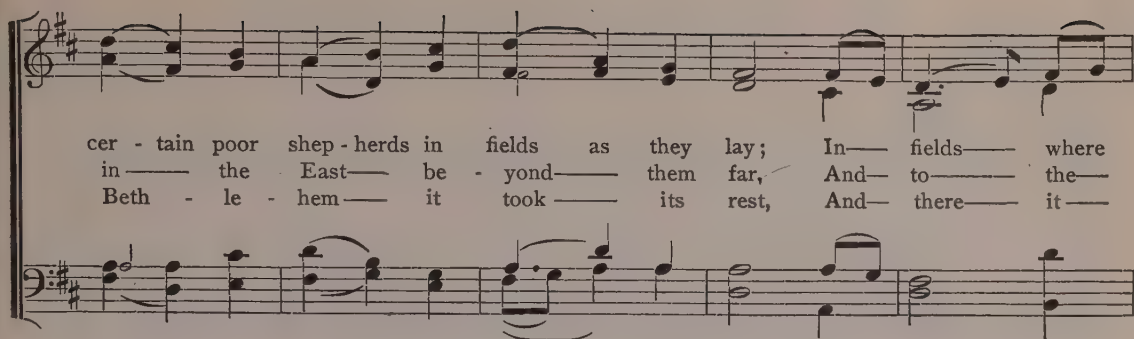
an - gels:
high - est:" } O come, let us a - dore Him, O come, let us a -
pear - ing:

dore Him; O come, let us a - dore Him,— Christ— the Lord. A - MEN.

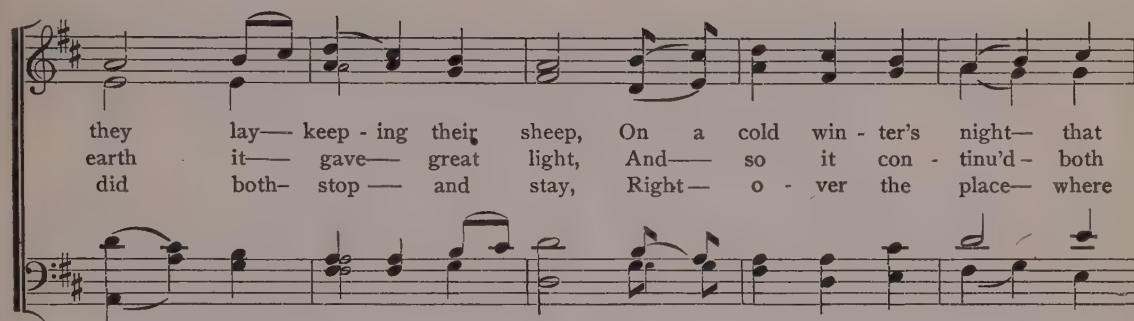
115. The First Nowell .

Allegro (SOLO) **ENGLISH**

1. The— first— Now - ell the— An - gel did say Was to
2. They— look - ed— up and— saw— a star Shin - ing
3. This— star— drew— nigh to— the— north - west, O'er—

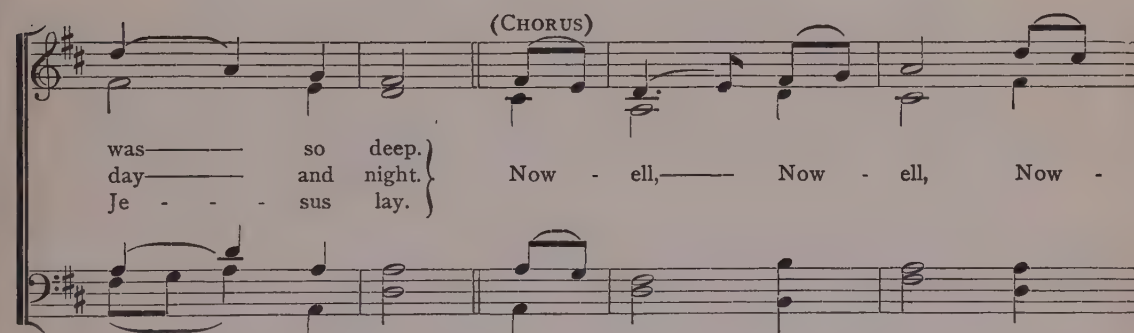


cer - tain poor shep - herds in fields as they lay; In — fields — where
 in — the East — be - yond — them far, And — to — the —
 Beth - le - hem — it took — its rest, And — there — it —

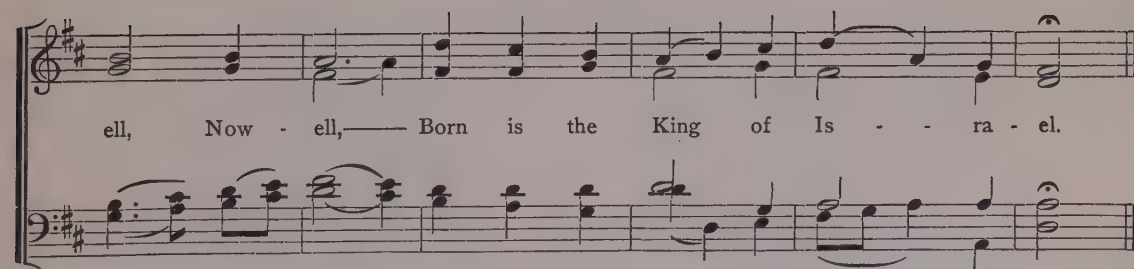


they lay — keep - ing their sheep, On a cold win - ter's night — that
 earth it — gave — great light, And — so it con - tinu'd — both
 did both — stop — and stay, Right — o - ver the place — where

(CHORUS)



was — so deep. }
 day — and night. } Now - ell, — Now - ell, Now -
 Je - - sus lay. }



ell, Now - ell, — Born is the King of Is - - ra - el.

4. Then enter'd in those Wisemen three,
 Fell reverently upon their knee,
 And offer'd there, in His presence,
 Their gold, and myrrh, and frankincense.
 Nowell, etc.

5. Then let us all with one accord
 Sing praises to our Heavenly Lord,
 That hath made Heav'n and earth of nought,
 And with His blood mankind hath bought.
 Nowell, etc.

116. God rest you merry, gentlemen

Allegro
(SOLO)

ENGLISH

1. God rest you mer - ry, gen - tle - men, Let noth - ing you dis - may, Re -
 2. In Beth - le - hem, in Jew - ry, This bless - ed Babe was born, And
 3. From God, our Heav'n - ly Fa - ther, A bless - ed an - gel came; And

mem - ber, Christ our Sav - iour Was born on Christ - mas Day, To save us all from
 laid with - in a man - ger, Up - on this bless - ed morn; The which His Moth - er
 un - to cer - tain shep - herds Brought ti - dings of the same: How that in Beth - le -

(CHORUS)

Sa - tan's pow'r When we were gone a - stray; }
 Ma - ry Did noth - ing take in scorn. } O — ti - dings of com - fort and
 hem was born The Son of God by Name. }

joy, com - fort and joy, O — ti - dings of com - fort and joy.

4. "Fear not then," said the angel,
 "Let nothing you affright,
 This day is born a Saviour
 Of a pure Virgin bright,
 To free all those who trust in Him
 From Satan's power and might."
 O tidings of comfort and joy, etc.

5. The Shepherds at those tidings
 Rejoicèd much in mind,
 And left their flocks a-feeding,
 In tempest, storm, and wind:
 And went to Bethlehem straightway,
 The Son of God to find.
 O tidings of comfort and joy, etc.

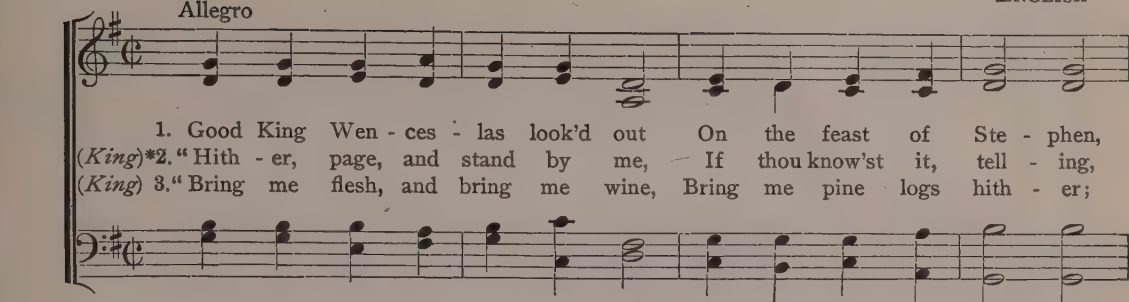
6. And when they came to Bethlehem,
 Where our dear Saviour lay,
 They found Him in a manger,
 Where oxen feed on hay;
 His Mother Mary kneeling down
 Unto the Lord did pray.
 O tidings of comfort and joy, etc.

7. Now to the Lord sing praises,
 All you within this place,
 And with true love and brotherhood
 Each other now embrace;
 This holy tide of Christmas
 All other doth deface.
 O tidings of comfort and joy, etc.

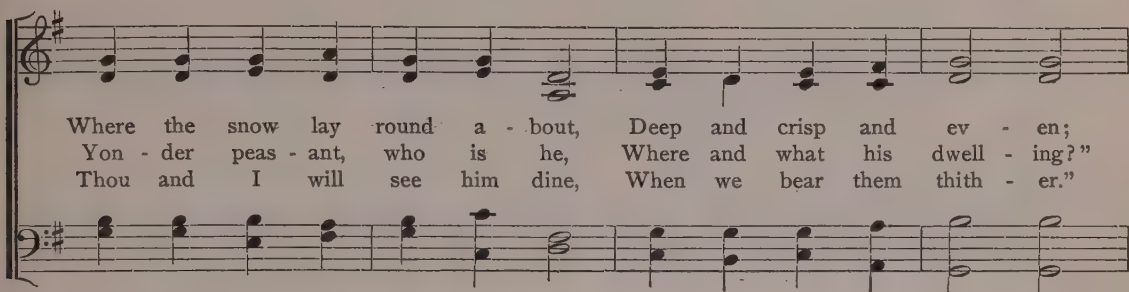
117. Good King Wenceslas

Allegro

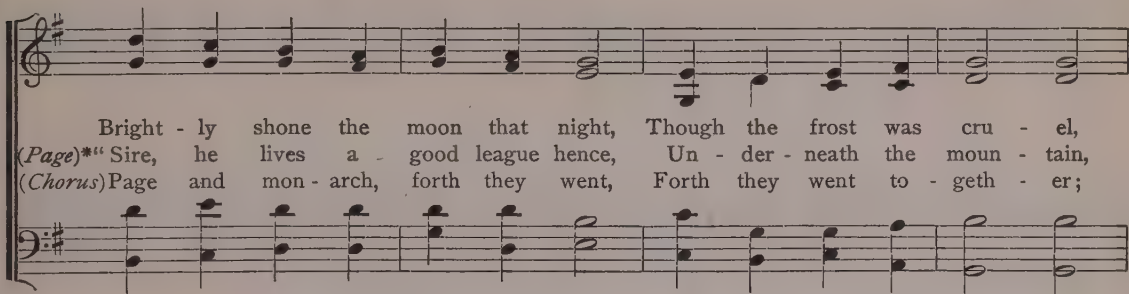
ENGLISH



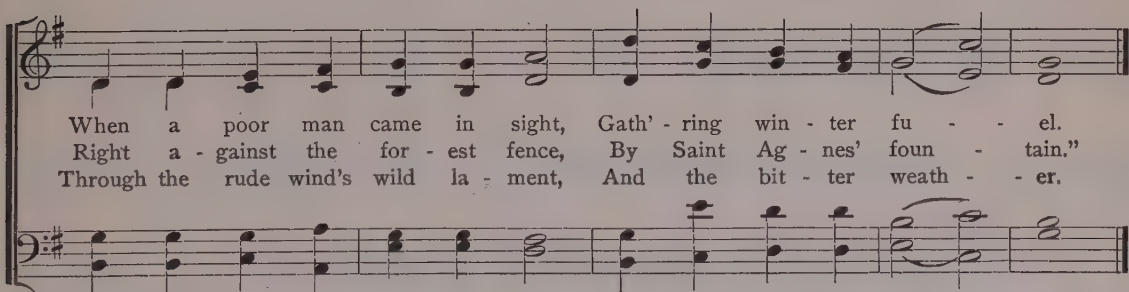
1. Good King Wen - ces - las look'd out On the feast of Ste - phen,
 (King)*2. "Hith - er, page, and stand by me, — If thou know'st it, tell - ing,
 (King) 3. "Bring me flesh, and bring me wine, Bring me pine logs hith - er;



Where the snow lay round a - bout, Deep and crisp and ev - en;
 Yon - der peas - ant, who is he, Where and what his dwell - ing?"
 Thou and I will see him dine, When we bear them thith - er."



Bright - ly shone the moon that night, Though the frost was cru - el,
 (Page)*"Sire, he lives a - good league hence, Un - der - neath the moun - tain,
 (Chorus)Page and mon - arch, forth they went, Forth they went to - geth - er;



When a poor man came in sight, Gath' - ring win - ter fu - - el.
 Right a - gainst the for - est fence, By Saint Ag - nes' foun - tain."
 Through the rude wind's wild la - ment, And the bit - ter weath - - er.

(Page) 4. "Sire, the night is darker now,
 And the wind blows stronger;
 Fails my heart, I know not how,
 I can go no longer."

(King) "Mark my footsteps, my good page,
 Tread thou in them boldly;
 Thou shalt find the winter's rage
 Freeze thy blood less coldly."

(Chorus) 5. In his master's steps he trod,
 Where the snow lay dinted;
 Heat was in the very sod
 Which the saint had printed.
 Therefore, Christian men, be sure,
 Wealth or rank possessing,
 Ye who now will bless the poor
 Shall yourselves find blessing.

* The "King's" part may be sung by a Solo Tenor, the "Page's," by a Solo Soprano; the rest in unison or parts by the entire group of singers.

118. Angel voices ever singing

FRENCH
(Arranged)

Allegro

SOPRANO

mf

ALTO

TENOR

mf

BASS

Allegro

PIANO
(For re-
hearsal
only)

mf

And the moun-tain- ech-oes ring-ing With the- heav'nly- mel- o- dy.
 God with them is— now a- bid-ing As they lis- ten- on the plains.
 He whom God hath now ap-point-ed, Let your glad- ho- san- nas ring.
 Of- fer they their ten-der hom-age, To that low- ly, hum-ble Child.

- "Glo

And the moun-tain ech-oes ring-ing With the heav'nly mel-o - dy.
 God with them is now a-bid-ing As they lis-ten on the plains.
 He whom God hath now ap-point-ed, Let your glad ho-san-nas ring.
 Of-fer they their ten-der hom-age To that low-ly, hum-bile Child.

"Glo

ri - a in ex - cel - sis De - o, Glo

o ri - a in ex - cel - sis De - o, Glo

ri - a in ex - cel - sis De - o, Glo

ri - a in ex - cel - sis De - o, Glo

The first system consists of four vocal staves (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and a piano accompaniment. The vocal parts enter with the lyrics 'ri - a in ex - cel - sis De - o, Glo'. The piano accompaniment provides a harmonic foundation with chords and moving lines in both hands.

ri - a in ex - cel - sis De - o!"

o o o - ri - a in ex - cel - sis De - o!"

ri - a in ex - cel - sis De - o!"

o o o - ri - a in ex - cel - sis De - o!"

The second system continues the hymn. The vocal parts conclude with 'De - o!'. The piano accompaniment features a more active melody in the right hand, with some notes marked with 'x' (likely indicating grace notes or specific articulation). The system ends with a double bar line.

119. Bring a torch, Jeannette, Isabella!

Attributed to Saboly
Translated from the French by
E. Cuthbert Nunn

Old French Carol
Harmonized by
E. Cuthbert Nunn

Allegretto

1. Bring a torch,— Jean - nette, Is - a - bel - la! Bring a torch, to the
2. It is wrong when the Child— is sleep - ing, It is wrong— to

cra - dle run! It is Je - sus, good folk of the vil - lage;
talk— so loud; Si - lence, all, as you gath - er a - round,—

Christ— is born and Ma - ry's call - ing: Ah! ah! beau - ti - ful
Lest— your noise should wak - en Je - sus: Hush! hush! see— how

is the Moth - er; Ah! ah! beau - ti - ful is her Son! —
fast He slum - bers; Hush! hush! see— how fast He sleeps! —

* The small notes are for the 3rd and 4th verses.

3. Who goes there a-knocking so loudly?
Who goes there a-knocking like that?
Ope your doors, I have here on a plate
Some very good cakes which I am bringing:
Toc! toc! quickly your doors now open;
Toc! toc! Come let us make good cheer!

4. Softly to the little stable,
Softly for a moment come;
Look and see how charming is Jesus,
How He is white, His cheeks are rosy!
Hush! hush! see how the Child is sleeping;
Hush! hush! see how He smiles in dreams!

120. Silent Night

Josef Möhr

Michael Haydn
(1737-1806)

Andante

1. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! All is — calm, all is bright,
 2. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! Shep - herds quake at the sight!
 3. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! Son of — God, love's pure light

Round yon Vir - gin Moth - er and Child! Ho - ly In - fant, so ten - der and mild,
 Glo - ries stream from Heav - en a - far, Heav'n - ly hosts — sing "Al - le - lu - ia,
 Ra - diant beams from Thy ho - ly face, With the dawn of re - deem - ing grace,

Sleep in heav - en - ly peace, — Sleep in heav - en - ly peace, —
 Christ, the Sav - iour, is born! — Christ, the Sav - iour, is born! —
 Je - sus, Lord, at Thy birth, — Je - sus, Lord, at Thy birth. —

121. Jesu, joy of man's desiring

Choral from the Cantata

*Herz und Mund und Thut und Leben*Johann Sebastian Bach
(1685-1750)

Andante moderato
Sw. *mp*

MANUALS*

Ch. *p*

PEDAL*

Two persons may play the organ arrangement on the piano.
 The Viola part in the Orchestral score is here included (in smaller notes) for playing *ad libitum*.

SOPRANO and ALTO *p*

1. Je - su, joy—of man's de - sir - ing,
 2. Thro' the way where Hope is guid - ing,

TENOR and BASS *p*

dim. *p*

p poco cresc. *mf.*

Ho - - ly wis - - dom, Love - - most bright;
 Hark, what peace - ful mu - sic wings!

p poco cresc. *mf*

p poco cresc. *mf*

mp cresc.

Drawn by Thee, our souls as -
Where the flock in Thee con -

mp cresc.

mp

f

pir - ing Soar to of un cre -
fid - ing Drink of joy from

cresc.

f

a death - ted light.
less springs.

First system of the musical score, featuring a piano introduction and accompaniment. The vocal staves are empty, while the piano part consists of a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The piano part begins with a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, creating a flowing accompaniment.

Second system of the musical score. The vocal staves enter with the lyrics: "Word of God our flesh that Theirs is beau-ty's fair-est". The piano accompaniment continues with a treble and bass staff. Dynamics include *p poco cresc.* and *mf*. A fermata is placed over the word "est" in the vocal line.

Third system of the musical score, featuring piano accompaniment. The vocal staves are empty. The piano part continues with a treble and bass staff, maintaining the flowing accompaniment. Dynamics include *p poco cresc.* and *mf*. A fermata is placed over the word "est" in the vocal line.

Fourth system of the musical score. The vocal staves enter with the lyrics: "fash-ion'd pleas-ure, With Theirs the is". The piano accompaniment continues with a treble and bass staff. Dynamics include *mp cresc.* and *mp cresc.*. A fermata is placed over the word "is" in the vocal line.

Fifth system of the musical score, featuring piano accompaniment. The vocal staves are empty. The piano part continues with a treble and bass staff, maintaining the flowing accompaniment. Dynamics include *dim.* and *mp*. A fermata is placed over the word "is" in the vocal line.

fire of life im pas sion'd,
wis - - dom's ho - - - liest treas - ure.

f

mf cresc. *f* *dim.*

mf cresc. *f*

Striv - ing dost still to Truth un -
Thou ev - - er lead - Thine

mf cresc. *f*

Truth lead un -
Thine

mf cresc. *f*

known,
own,

Soar - - ing, dy - - ing,
In the love - ing, of

f

known,
own,

f

round— Thy — throne.
joys — un — — — known.

The first system of the musical score consists of two vocal staves (treble and bass clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff). The vocal staves have lyrics: "round— Thy — throne." and "joys — un — — — known." The piano accompaniment features a continuous eighth-note melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

The second system of the musical score continues the piano accompaniment from the first system. It consists of a grand staff with a continuous eighth-note melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

The third system of the musical score continues the piano accompaniment. It includes a repeat sign (double bar line with dots) and a *Fine* marking. The piano accompaniment features a continuous eighth-note melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

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